JOHN BULL, JANUARY 16, 1932

"WHY ACTRESSES CAN'T ACT" BY HANNEN SWAFFER.

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LI.
No. 1335.

JOHN BULL

KEEP FIT
-and don't get nervous about INFLUENZA

Influenza finds its easiest victims in those who are under-nourished and those who are "never really well." The properly nourished man or woman has that "extra bit of strength to the good" which is the best defence against infection.

Bovril strengthens the defensive forces of the body because it directly stimulates the vital energy on which the power of resistance depends. By taking Bovril regularly you are progressively building up reserves of strength with which to keep healthy and avoid the winter illnesses which are so prevalent just now.

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A1 NOVELTIES for Dances, Hats, Balloons, Mickey Mouse Novs., Mus. Inst., etc.—List J.B. 1285 free.—Dudley's, 451, Holloway Road, N.7.

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I have a simple but WONDERFUL REMEDY for Rheumatism, Neuritis and "acid" complaints. Not a drug nor medicine, but a tropical plant called HERVEA.

A beverage is made of the tiny leaf, which you prepare and drink like ordinary "Tea." No trouble or fuss, you make it in your own home; the RELIEF IS FELT AT ONCE, and becomes evident more and more every day.

Hundreds of people in all ranks of life have received lasting benefit and have sent me letters praising this wonderful little plant.

Drink a cupful of HERVEA each morning, and you will feel a different being. The reason is that it expels the uric acid poisons and PREVENTS NEW ACCUMULATIONS of further acid deposits in the system.

TRIAL PACKAGE FREE

Just send me your name and address, stating Mr., Mrs., or Miss; also a stamp for postage, and I will post you Free of Charge a trial package.

If you feel that you are getting benefit I will supply a further quantity at a small charge. I do not vend patent medicines, but can say, from my own personal experience, that the product now offered is most effective for Rheumatism and allied complaints, and what it did for me in a few weeks it should do for you, if you will give it a fair trial.

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WRITE to the New Era Treatment Co. for a free sample of "ELASTO," the new treatment for Leg Troubles and Circulatory diseases, together with a special free booklet. The address will be found in the advt. on page 31.

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READERS' attention is drawn to the MACLEAN'S BRAND STOMACH POWDER advt. on page 26. If any difficulty in obtaining, send direct to Macleans, Ltd., Park Royal, London, N.W.10, and mention *John Bull* when writing.

RHEUMATIC sufferers can obtain a sample of "HERVEA" offered free in Mr. LEE'S large advt. on this page.

DO you want to get Slender? Fill in the coupon in the Marmola advert. on page 27 for 2-day sample and free Booklet, etc.

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BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. Bentley & Co., 10, New Bond St., London, W.1.

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READERS' attention is drawn to the "SHAVEX-ZEEKOL" advt. on the Back Cover, in which free samples of their products can be obtained.

OVERCOATS and SUITS—to Measure or Ready for Service. Consult Lockwood & Bradley, Ltd., London's Leading Tailors. Perfect fit and your complete Satisfaction Guaranteed in every respect. Buy now while prices are low. You can safely order by post, taking your own measurements at home. See the new styles of materials for yourself. Write to-day to Dept. J.B.28, Lockwood & Bradley, Ltd., 226-4, Old St., London, for patterns of Overcoatings and Suitings, together with prices and details of the newest styles—All British Cloths. A p.c. will do! Mention *John Bull* when writing.

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This Firm made £1,720 profit on £14 outlay in first year.

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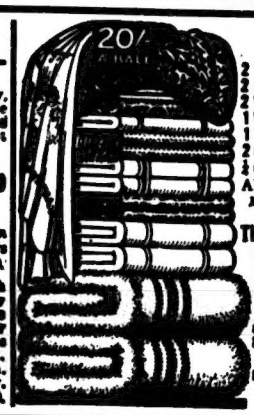

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1 Beautiful Bedspread	80 x 60
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All double bed size.

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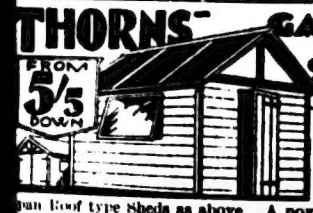

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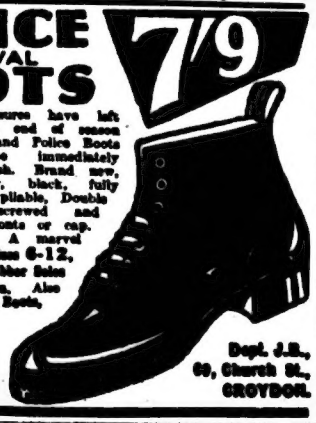

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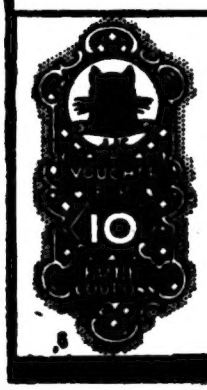

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JOHN BULL

For the People— —the Right to Justice and Truth

THURSDAY,
for Week ending Saturday.
Jan. 16, 1932. Twopence.
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, ½d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.

"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

THERE seems to be a better time in store for the miners. Improvement in the textile and other industries has increased the demand for steam coal, while on the North-east ast orders for coke and bunker coal e higher than they have been for ars.

* * *

South Wales, unfortunately, is suffring badly from the effects of the ench surtax, but the fall in the und has enabled northern mines to dercut Polish sellers in many Conental markets. We earnestly hope at this improvement will be sustined.

otton boom

Prospects in the cotton trade are ghter now than they have been many years. Reverses in the Inan market have forced manufacrers to seek business in other untries—with encouraging results. A tional Cotton week is to be organd in Lancashire, while the cotton tion of the Textiles Fair will be enged.

We are glad that the manufacturers e at last showing a little enterprise, t we hope that there will be no more k of reducing the operatives' wages.

ake courage!

Five big banks have given Britain best publicity she has had for long time by announcing excellent fits for the past year despite financial crisis. Dividends have n reduced only slightly, and Barys Bank is paying the same divind as in previous years.

Yet in other countries, even in nce, there has been a large number banking failures. This excellent ord should give us renewed courage.

loney talks

Much British and American money invested in the Peking-Mukden Raily in Manchuria, which is now in possession of Japan. So long as events in that unfortunate country ected only China, Japan was allowed defy the League of Nations.

Now that international money tters are involved, however, the ited States and others are invoking Kellogg Pact and the Nine Power eaty. It looks as though Japan will ve to give way at last.

econtrolled "pubs"

Public-houses will be decontrolled der the Rent Bill which the Governnt is introducing next month. Only little "country pubs" and the aller licensed premises in the towns controlled.

The Bill will allow the landlord to se the rent as high as he pleases d, if the tenant refuses to pay, to ct him. That means that the tent may be deprived of his living. We pe the Bill will be suitably amended.

hat a relief!

The Government would readily agree the proposal for a five-year suspenn of naval construction which the erican delegation hopes to make at Disarmament Conference. If no re warships were built until 1938 it would be an enormous relief to the Budgets of Britain and other naval Powers.

Alternatively, our delegates will press for a reduction in battleship and cruiser tonnage, and will make a further plea for the total abolition of submarines. This last, however, is likely to be again opposed by France and other countries.

A Cheering Trade Turn

Will Japan Give Way?

Naval Holiday Plans

The big stick

Some local authorities have inquired what will happen if they refuse to administer the Means Test. The Minister of Labour's reply hints at ruthless compulsion.

His ace of trumps

He might appoint commissioners to do the work of a defaulting Public Assistance Committee. If he just did nothing, no transitional benefit would be paid to applicants and they would be driven to the Poor Law. In that event, of course, the whole cost of their maintenance would fall on the local rates.

That is the Minister's unpleasant ace of trumps.

Small savings fight

Important moves are taking place to increase the facilities available for small investors. There will probably be a closer association between the National Savings Association, the P.O. Savings Bank, and the Trustee Savings Banks.

This merging may lead to increased competition with the Building Societies and the Joint Stock Banks, for the savings banks may provide ordinary banking facilities in future.

Making it worse

Mr. Lansbury and other Labour leaders are greatly concerned about recent developments in India, and will press for an immediate debate as soon as Parliament reassembles next month.

Some Labour men think that the Opposition should refuse to take part in the work of the Parliamentary Committees which are being sent to India. But this, surely, would only add to the difficulties of the situation.

Treasury wins

The Treasury has won its battle with the Bank of England, about which we gave exclusive details last week. The Bank, which represents the City of London, is now supporting the idea of a moratorium on reparations, but it declares that this must be for a minimum of three years.

As France wants a suspension of only two years, however, a fight at the forthcoming conference at Lausanne is still likely.

Germany's debts

The French Government wants to defer the Lausanne Conference on reparations until the bankers who are meeting in Berlin have made their report. The bankers are reluctant to draw up a report until they see how things go at Lausanne.

British and American bankers demand preferential treatment by Germany of her short-term commercial debts. France insists that the reparation payments should be made first. This clash of interests among Germany's creditors may prove very awkward, but unless the Lausanne Conference succeeds the economic recovery of Europe will be impossible.

Tin protection?

Mr. Hore-Belisha's tour of the Welsh iron and steel centres is giving rise to considerable speculation, for the facts concerning the industry are already well known.

In West Wales, where the tinplate manufacturers are frankly opposed to iron and steel protection, it is believed that the tour was designed to establish contact with the industry's leaders and so discover their attitude towards the demand for heavy protection.

In any case, as we have previously pointed out, it is very unlikely that iron and steel duties will be imposed before the Budget next April.

Underpaid nurses

A big drive to enrol nurses in unions will be made during the next few weeks, and the Trades Union Council has arranged that unions with nursing sections shall form those sections into one federation.

This is a preliminary to demanding an improvement in their low pay and long hours.

In the last Parliament, Mr. Fenner Brockway introduced a Bill for this purpose, but the Government refused to give it facilities. We hope this new move will in the end obtain justice for a fine body of women.

Hunted stags

The R.S.P.C.A. has no intention of relaxing its campaign against the hunting of carted stags, despite the failure of the "test" case at Hythe, Kent, concerning a deer which twice entered the sea to escape from its pursuers.

The President carries on

Wild animals in a state of captivity may be hunted, but not tame or domestic animals. The Society, of which Sir Robert V. Gower is president, will reintroduce its Parliamentary Bill to prohibit the hunting of deer entirely. It remains to be seen whether the Government will grant it facilities.

Certainly this brutal sport should be stopped. There have been too many instances of stags being driven mad with fear or drowned in the sea.

Civil servants' cut

Civil Servants in the lower grades have been so badly hit by the recent pay cuts that many have had to find work at night as waiters, barmen and musicians to make up a living wage, declares Mr. W. J. Brown, the Secretary of the men's union.

The next adjustment of their bonus is due on March 1, and Mr. Brown and his colleagues are pressing the Government for an increase.

"JOHN BULL'S" FREE INSURANCE:

DRAMATIC MOVE

ON page 10 of this issue there appears an announcement of far-reaching importance to every reader.

From to-day onwards, the benefits paid under Fire will be increased up to the magnificent sum of £1,000.

We wish to emphasise as strongly as possible that *the total amount of loss as assessed* will be paid in every instance. No deductions, as in the *case of certain Insurance Schemes, will be made.*

This gesture on the part of JOHN BULL is an earnest of the friendship we bear to our readers—a helping hand stretched out during a very trying and difficult time.

By this bold stroke our readers are relieved of the necessity of paying Fire Insurance premiums, and in the case of those readers whose homes are not already insured they are covered free against a risk which they dare not ignore.

JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance has always led—the most comprehensive and the most practical in the world. Now that the benefits have been increased still more, the scheme stands supreme.

If taken out through an insurance company, the full free insurance which we now offer would cost the reader at least £2.

Turn to the important notice on page 10.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

You are beautiful— but dear, Marlene

MARLENE DIETRICH,
Los Angeles, California

DEAR MARLENE,—I see you will not come to England to perform unless you receive a thousand dollars a day.

Now, you are a German. Why will you not take marks?

You do not want pounds, you say, but dollars. Since you have been in Hollywood you have grown to like them.

We like dollars, too, but we have paid them all away. We had some marks, once, some of us, but your country crashed and we lost them all, because, owing to Germany defaulting, they became valueless.

I hope the time is soon coming when, instead of paying dollars to foreigners who do not value pounds, we shall pay more pounds to our own people who still believe in them, because they are all that they once had.

Britain has paid and paid and paid. It stood by its word when all the other nations ran away and said "We cannot pay."

Do please try and believe in the pound, dear Marlene. You are so beautiful and so clever that a little faith in the credit and the honour of Britain might make you almost perfect.

Anyway, like all the other film stars, you get too much, never mind whether it is in pounds or dollars or marks that the money is paid.

JOHN BULL.

H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES,
St. James's Palace, S.W.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—In your foreword to the Travel Association's 1932 calendar you say that the more you have travelled, the more you have become convinced that travel is essential to a better understanding between nations and to the realisation that in the world to-day the welfare of one country is bound up with that of all the others.

I agree wholeheartedly—with one reservation. The traveller must be one who is receptive of new ideas and other people's customs, for the insular do not appear to benefit from visits to other countries. Broadminded folk do, and, first and foremost of these, you are a shining light.

Your example in the "getting together" process is splendid, and your lead in the acquirement of knowledge of other countries and their peoples should be sufficient to fire all young men with the desire to do likewise.

JOHN BULL.

General HIGGINS,
The Salvation Army

DEAR GENERAL,—The fact that last year the great organisation which you control provided twenty-five million meals and nearly twelve million beds is proof of the terrible amount of human suffering that waits to be relieved.

I admire, too, your splendid prison-gate services. In your special homes you received just over three thousand ex-prisoners in 1931. That nearly all of them were passed out satisfactorily shows the good that exists in every man and woman, but which is often denied the opportunity to reveal itself.

Carry on with the good work, sir!

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. H. A. L. FISHER,
Thursley, Surrey

DEAR MADAM,—I am gratified to note that the President of the Board of Trade has appointed you to be a member of the Cinematograph Films Advisory Committee. Your appointment is a most sensible one; the committee is likely to be considerably strengthened by your inclusion to its sittings.

I know you are keenly interested in educational matters and I have great hopes that you will foster the efforts of those bodies that are endeavouring to make permanent and universal the education of the young through the medium of the film.

This is a subject upon which I hold definite views, and I feel sure you will aid the good cause with the weight of your experience and ability.

JOHN BULL.

Herr FRITZ KREISLER,
London

DEAR KREISLER,—You have long been acclaimed as the greatest fiddler of our time, but your host of admirers, I fancy, will be increased because of the remarks you made on your return to England the other day.

A musician, you declared, should obey orders. When it is arranged for him to appear before the public, he should appear whatever his inclinations may be—"temperament" should not get in the way.

That was well said. It is high time this "temperament" humbug was exposed.

JOHN BULL.

Hon. JAMES J. DAVIS,
U.S. Minister for Labour

DEAR SIR,—Although you are a Minister in the United States' Government, you have not forgotten that you were born and spent your boyhood at Tredegar, Monmouthshire. For many years you have quietly assisted the poor of your native town.

Not satisfied with this, you have now decided to give a hundred and fifty of the poorest children in the town at least one good, happy day every year.

It is men like you, sir, who are helping most practically the cause of Anglo-American friendship.

JOHN BULL.

REGGIE MEEN,
Heavy-weight Boxing Champion

DEAR REGGIE,—Anyone who jeers at your defeat by the capable and clever German holds a very unjust appreciation of your position.

You are the victim of a number of circumstances—a too rapid advance to national honours and a wave of local enthusiasm.

I do not think you will ever be a great champion or indeed that you will hold your honours long, but you do not lack the pluck to mould yourself into a moderately formidable boxer—if you will train with that grim seriousness which your profession demands.

Set your teeth, have a fight every week if you can, and win back that sometimes fickle enthusiasm of the fight spectator.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. J. E. GOOLT,
St. Paul's Church, Bournemouth

DEAR SIR,—In closing the men's club attached to your church, you declare that such clubs are a hindrance to spiritual work. I am not surprised that members of your congregation are protesting, particularly as you have also disbanded the girls' guild.

It is a pity you cannot realise that a large-scale religious revival is impossible so long as church-goers are annoyed by paltry and narrow-minded interference with their harmless pleasures.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. ARTHUR CAVE,
Rushden, Northants

DEAR MADAM,—When a Northampton boot manufacturing business failed, your husband, who was a director, promised to pay his share of the debts, some thirty thousand pounds. That was many years ago. He had almost succeeded when, in 1927, he died.

Though death duties depleted the estate, you bravely determined to carry out your husband's wishes, and now you have just completed your task. I admire your self-sacrifice and thoughtfulness.

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

HERR HITLER: "We will charge through hell, death and damnation."
Stop that inflammatory stuff!

• • •

LADY SNOWDEN: "If I were dictator I would compel everybody in the country, whether he had a voice or not, to learn how to sing."
Some don't require much compulsion.

• • •

ELSIE JANIS: "I don't believe in engagements."
You used to believe in theatrical engagements, and we are sorry you have lost your faith.

• • •

SIR W. ROTHENSTEIN: "Public taste is always in advance of the middlemen."
But not in the case of women's fashions.

Not from the B.B.C.— Lady Astor obliges with—

THIS DAMP, DAMP WORLD

I'VE been asked to give my views
On a painful piece of news
Which has left me for the moment quite upset;
For I'll willingly confess
That it caused me much distress
When I read the tale of Finland going "wet."

Having drunk delight for years
Of battle with their beers
(Illegally), they felt a strange ambition
Their ancient rights to win;
So the poor misguided Finn
Went out and cast his vote 'gainst Prohibition!

No one, of course, denies
'Tis a setback for the "drys";
And, although it may be my conceited fancy,
I feel quite convinced somehow
Finland's feeling sorry now
That it didn't have the sense to send for Nancy!

Please do not misunderstand me. I am by nature far too modest to declare definitely that the result would have been different if I had taken part in the campaign.

Admittedly, a form of skittishness which has got me into the limelight at Westminster might have been less successful at Helsingfors. But one thing is absolutely certain: I should have had a great deal to say! And perhaps my eloquence—combined with the stylish tailor-mades I should have introduced to their notice—would have influenced the women voters.

As it is, the most distressing feature of the sorry business is that the women voted against continuing Prohibition even more emphatically than did the men.

I regret to say that of the twenty-two countries, States and provinces that have embarked on Prohibition since 1912, Finland is the fourteenth to abandon the experiment. In fact, whenever the people have been given a chance to vote on this question they have almost invariably voted the wrong way.

Happily, the United States still remains "dry," and it is to be hoped that the agitation for a referendum there will be promptly suppressed; since this is obviously one of those questions upon which the democracy is not qualified to speak.

So far as this country is concerned, I see no immediate prospect of making a few drunken people sober by keeping a large number of sober people thirsty. But I do not despair. What cannot be achieved at the polling-booth may be managed by other means. If we cannot get out-and-out Pussyfootism, we can, with the valuable assistance of "Dora," do quite a lot of Pussyfootling.

A small ban there and another one here,
Another little spot of Early Closing,
Another small addition to the tax on beer,
While all the time emphatic'ly opposing
Removal of restrictions—that's the way to do the trick,
The way that's most effective, though it isn't very quick.

A few more "Mustn'ts" and a lot more "Can'ts,"
And all the time the seeds we're gaily sowing;
Another little triumph for the maiden Aunts,
And England—merrie England—without knowing
Precisely what has happened, or how it did, or why,
Will awaken to the knowledge that she's practically "dry"!

Motor-Cars ARE MAKING US SOBER!

The car-owners are inside—obviously. But they've left their engines running. They daren't take the risk of stopping too long

by A. G. GARDINER

ENGLAND is going dry. That is the fact which dominates the report of the Licensing Commission. The change in the drinking habits of this country is by far the most sensational social happening that has taken place during the last twenty years.

Take a few facts. In 1913, the year before the war, the consumption of beer per head of the population was 27.76 gallons. In 1929 it was 16.42 gallons. That is to say, on the average every person had cut down his consumption of beer by more than a third.

Vanished topers

The case of spirits is even more remarkable. In 1913 each person consumed on the average 0.70 gallon of spirits. In 1929 the consumption was down to 0.28 gallon. In other words, the decrease was much more than a half.

Or apply another test—that of convictions for drunkenness. In 1913 there were 188,877 convictions; in 1929 they had fallen to 51,966.

But you don't need figures. Everyone of mature years knows from his own experience the magnitude of the change. I am old enough to remember, though I am not yet in my dotage, when drunkenness was one of the most familiar spectacles of our streets.

The public-houses of London served drink for eighteen hours of the day and night. Beer and spirits were cheap, and Saturday nights were everywhere a drunken orgy.

The police, whose main business now is keeping motorists in order, were then chiefly occupied in taking "drunks" to the lock-up. The courts on Mondays were thronged with "drunks" and "disorderlys," and factories and workshops were empty of half their workmen, who were sleeping off the week-end debauch.

To-day you may walk the streets of London, and of most other cities, for weeks without seeing a visibly drunken man. You may penetrate any slum district without peril. Ratcliff Highway is a memory. You can walk down it, under its new name, with as little discomfort as you can walk down Piccadilly or the Strand.

The causes of this enormous change in our drink habits are many. The war had much to do with it.

It is not true to say that you cannot make people sober by Act of Parliament. Our experience shows that, up to a certain point, you can. For, as the result of the war, we reduced the hours of sale of intoxicants by more than a half.

In London and other places the eighteen hours that prevailed before the war were cut down to eight hours.

Not only so, but the increased taxation due to the war fell with particular severity upon the liquor trade. Intoxicants to-day are three, four and even five times as dear as in 1913. And while the price is up, alcoholic strength is down. In fact, by comparison with pre-war conditions, it is a costly and difficult thing to get drunk to-day.

But there are other and more creditable reasons for the change than the exactions and restrictions due to the war. The new generation, whatever its defects, is not given to lifting its elbow unduly. The tradition of the three-bottle man is dead, and drunkenness is no longer socially tolerated.

The spread of education has done much to discredit the drinking habit, and the increased interest in athletics and the enlargement of the facilities of amusement and travel have done more.

No one who motors can afford to be reckless in the matter of drink, and as an increasing proportion of the adult population now motors, the consumption of alcohol is diminishing and will continue to diminish.

It may be asked why, in view of all this, there was need for a Royal Commission to enquire into the conduct of the drink trade. If the drink evil is diminishing, why not leave well alone?

The answers are abundant.

Big beer bill

In the first place, while it is true that drunkenness is disappearing and the liquor consumption is falling, it is also true that the expenditure on drink has not fallen. It still amounts to something like £300,000,000 a year.

I am not a Prohibitionist. If I had ever been a Prohibitionist, the experience of the United States would have cured me. I do not think it is a sin to have a glass of beer, and I should regard it as an intolerable interference with my liberty if the law set the police on to prevent me having a glass of beer.

But, while holding this view, I am satisfied that the drink trade is, above all other trades, the one from which the element of private profit should be eliminated. It has so important a bearing on the well-being of the people that it should be under public control and administered in the public interest.

That is not the case. It is exploited for private profit, and for private profit alone.

And from this fact come the grave evils associated with it. Public-houses should be run to supply the requirements of the public in regard to refreshment, accommodation and convenience as well as to make profits for particular breweries. They should be houses of entertainment: not mere drink shops.

All the emphasis is laid on the sale of drink. The landlord is not a real landlord. In 95 per cent. of cases he is a mere tied tenant whose business is not to serve the public need, but to earn the utmost possible return for the brewery. The brewery has no interest in catering for the general wants of the public. It makes no profit out of the supply of those wants.

The ideal—when?

The result is that while the coming of the motor-car has brought England back to the roads the average public-house remains a drink shop which offers no decent accommodation for the traveller.

What is to be done about it? How are we to get better and brighter public-houses—public-houses which are not mere drink shops, but houses of entertainment made to supply the general needs of the public?

These were the questions the Commission was set to answer. The financial condition of the country prevented it declaring for an immediate clean sweep of private ownership; but the report shows that it recognises that as the ideal solution, and it goes a long way to establish that as the goal of the future.

It is strengthened in this view by the overwhelming evidence of the admirable social consequences of the Carlisle experiment in public ownership, and it recommends that the Carlisle principle should be extended to other suitable areas.

This is the outstanding pronouncement of the Report and may be taken to foreshadow the gradual transference of the liquor industry from the hands of private brewers to those of the State.

There are other important recommendations to which Parliament should give effect without delay.

These aim at closing redundant public-houses more rapidly, and converting those that remain into houses of entertainment for general intercourse and refreshment, where intoxicants can be obtained, but where the sale of drink is not the sole or even the principal object of business.

Homely Wisdom—by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

The Optimistic Nerve

I SOMETIMES think that if instead of putting my own words here I could print what some JOHN BULL readers send me it would be of greater interest and helpfulness. Stories of life as it is actually being lived can always set a chord vibrating in our hearts.

Four letters from men lie close to my hand. The first says that at fifty-seven the writer had to make a fresh start in life with no one to back him but his wife. Every friend and acquaintance he had poured cold water on his hopes; some did worse; but his little woman stood by him, struggled and suffered with him, at times went hungry with him, and never failed to present a cheerful face to the world.

Another comes from an old soldier; and what impresses me about it most is the quiet English way in which he says that when there is nothing else to be done you must just hold on, and that it is easier to hold on when you have a staunch comrade by your side than when you have none.

A third writes: "I wonder if everyone has a problem in life to solve? Would life without its problems be worth while?" Here is a case in which we have a man fighting desperately to keep home together for the sake of the woman he loves, and who for some time past has been unable to look after it herself through illness: he actually does the housework before and after his own day's toil outside.

He says it scarcely leaves him a moment's time to think about anything except the next want to be supplied, with the result that he fears he is missing the finest things in life.

I don't agree with him. I think he is living some of the finest things himself, for he is a real man.

Lastly, I have a greeting from an artist who is possessed of one of the greatest of God's gifts, a happy temperament. He is down on his luck, has no work, very little to eat, and no prospects. He has been all over the world and seen humanity in many different lights, but says the most valuable lesson he has learned is that to be a good pal is to command happiness, for happiness is never found in isolation.

Of his wife he says: "Never in east or west have I found her like; I bless the day she came into my life; we have stuck it together through thick and thin, through dark and light: how could one ever despair?"

Right you are, good friends. You have grasped the nerve of all optimism. Two are always more than twice one.

Patience is a Virtue—till January 28

A SMILE—A SONG

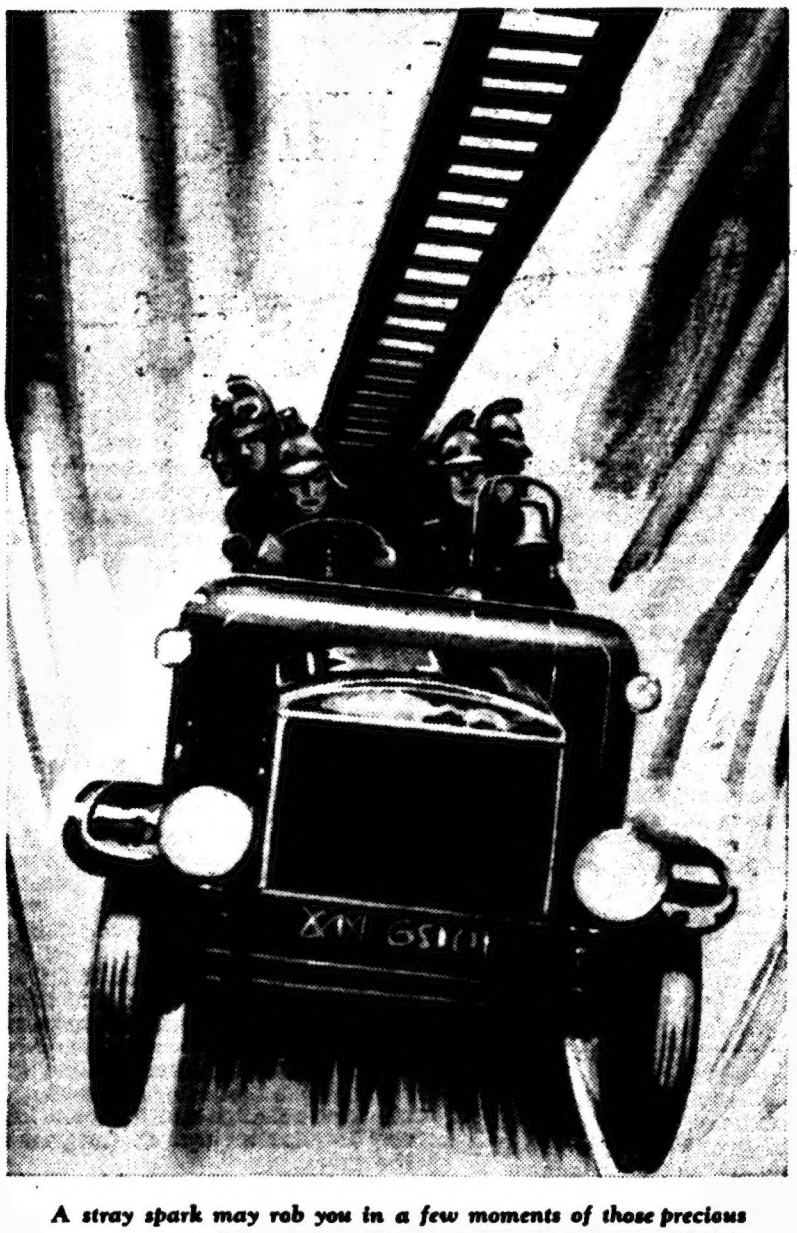
Meet Norman Long, the famous wireless entertainer, at 10.30 on Sunday evening next, January 17. You'll find him at the loudspeaker in another of JOHN BULL'S popular broadcast concerts from Radio Paris, and you will have the opportunity of winning a must-be-won prize of £500.

Besides giving you his own inimitable humour, Norman Long will introduce ten gramophone records. Simply place the best eight in what you consider to be the order of their entertainment value—and you will have made a bid for that splendid prize.

Turn now to page 33 for full particulars of how to enter the contest and what you have to do. The list of winning records in the first competition will also be found on page 33. Have you a claim to make?

"John Bull's" Sensational Announcement

Our Free FIRE INSURANCE BENEFIT increased to £1,000



A stray spark may rob you in a few moments of those precious possessions which have taken a lifetime to acquire. Register NOW.

TO-DAY JOHN BULL makes a sensational announcement of paramount importance to every reader. JOHN BULL has always taken the greatest pride in offering to its readers Free Insurance which in point of comprehensiveness and practical value is the best in the world. Now, with one bold stroke, this Free Insurance has been tremendously enhanced in value through a sensational increase in one of the most valuable of all the Benefits offered—FIRE.

From to-day onwards JOHN BULL's Great Free Fire Insurance, which for years past has proved a bulwark and a tower of strength in a million and a half homes, is increased from £400 to the magnificent sum of £1,000.

This great and liberal increase in a very vital benefit is a characteristic gesture on the part of JOHN BULL, aimed at helping its readers in these very troublous and difficult times.

Here is a Gift which to-day represents a *real saving*—a gift which relieves our readers of the necessity of paying substantial Fire Insurance premiums.

Total Loss Covered

JOHN BULL wishes to emphasise as strongly as possible that *the total amount of loss as assessed* will be paid in every instance. *No deductions, as in the case of certain Insurance Schemes, will be made.* Readers should bear this vital point in mind. The comprehensive manner in which the reader is covered against Fire is also shown by the payment offered of £2 per week maximum rent during reinstatement.

Another point which every reader will grasp with satisfaction is, of course, that Fire damage, *whether large or small*, will now be met by JOHN BULL in the same prompt, sympathetic and courteous way which has marked every transaction in the past. The huge increase in our Fire Insurance Benefits means that whether a carpet is burned, or a house is gutted, JOHN BULL stands ready to repair the damage to household effects.

Dramatic Figures

And the risk? Ask the 3,394 readers who received cheques on account of Fire during 1931 alone. Ask the huge army of no fewer than 22,209 readers who have received cheques for fire damage since the inception of the scheme. With these dramatic figures telling their story, can you hesitate to delay for one moment the signing of the Registration Forms which appear on page 38 Can you afford to neglect the huge increase in Fire Benefits now offered?

A Two-faced Friend

And again we say what of the risk? When you draw your chair up in front of the fire and stretch out your hands to its genial warmth, do you ever realise what a fiendish and relentless foe that same fire can be?

During the night, when the house is wrapped in slumber, a stray spark from the dying fire may reduce your precious belongings to ashes—belongings which have taken a life-time of savings to acquire. An overturned lamp, the fusing of electric wires, a cigarette end carelessly dropped—any one of these things might involve your home in a terrible disaster.

Fire is a two-faced friend, but it loses much of its terrors now that JOHN BULL enables you to furnish your home anew up to £1,000 if the worst should happen.

If Fire should present its worst side to you, make sure that you could apply to JOHN BULL for a cheque under JOHN BULL's greatly increased Free Insurance Gift. One has only to take a peep into the past year to see how swiftly and mercilessly fire descended upon the homes of readers who were all the time living in a false security. The thousands of letters received from those who had taken the precaution to register proves, as nothing else can, what a boon is our Free Fire Insurance in time of trouble.

"John Bull" to the Rescue!

Listen to this tribute from a Rotherham reader who had only been registered with JOHN BULL one week when a fire broke out in his home: *"We are deeply grateful for your cheque. Your attention has been splendid. We cannot speak too highly of your Free Insurance as being of real value to every household."*

This letter from a Gillingham (Kent) reader emphasises the value of being prepared against calamity: *"I acknowledge cheque for Fire Benefit. One does not realise the great value of your scheme until calamity comes into the home. Then one appreciates the work and forethought of those who make the scheme possible."*

A third letter, this time from a Knaresboro' reader whose wife was in hospital at the time a destructive fire broke out, proves how JOHN BULL comes to the rescue when things look their blackest: *"We tender our most grateful thanks for your cheque. Had it not been for your Free Insurance, God alone knows how we would have replaced the things which were burned and which are doubly essential now that winter is on top of us."*

And now let us read to you a human document indeed, which surely reveals JOHN BULL in the role of the Good Samaritan. The letter is from a Camelon reader who was dogged with misfortune and who had told the kiddies to look to JOHN BULL for a Happy Christmas! She writes, gratitude showing in every line, "JOHN BULL *didn't let us down or disappoint the children. The cheque came as a godsend and I find it difficult to express my thanks.*"

A Gift worth £2

Besides offering greatly increased Fire Benefits, JOHN BULL covers the home in a way unapproached by any other paper. For example, JOHN BULL is the ONLY paper to cover the home against Storm and Flood. During 1931, no fewer than 2,264 claims were paid under this heading alone. For the same period over a thousand cheques were dispatched on account of sickness; on account of accidents in the home JOHN BULL paid 1,674 cheques; 3,942 on account of accidents to the children. So generous is our Free Insurance that if taken out through an Insurance Company it would cost the reader at least £2. And remember this—for it is the very corner-stone of JOHN BULL's Free Insurance: If the time should come when your home should become a prey to the flames, or if you should become a victim of any of the misfortunes against which JOHN BULL's Free Insurance covers you, then you will find JOHN BULL ready to help you swiftly, sympathetically and understandingly—as a friend in need rather than a party to a cold business transaction.

Why Pay Fire Insurance Premiums?

JOHN BULL offers you to-day, in a more generous manner than ever before, the priceless gift of Security. Cover the home by signing the Registration Forms which appear on page 38. On that page you will also find the names of a few of our readers who have recently received cheques on account of Fire.

Spectre that Haunts—

—the VILLAGE

by JOHN SUSSEX

Happy cottage home scenes like this can be broken up at any moment

MORE than one-half of all the farm-workers employed in Great Britain are obliged to live in cottages "tied" to the farm on which they work.

Always liable to be "sacked" within a week, these most neglected of our industrial craftsmen *are condemned by law to be rendered homeless the moment they become jobless.*

Few farm-workers ever lose that fear. It haunts them to the very end of their days.

"He openeth not his mouth!" And no wonder; often he simply dare not.

I shall never be able to forget my first close experience of this evil thing wreaking its mischief among some of my life's best friends.

Disaster to him

Still in my 'teens and learning farming, I was a lodger in a splendid couple's snug home. A dull November day it was when the cottage door was flung open, and then slammed to again.

It was George Craddock home from work. He stood for a moment, his back to the door, looking every bit like a man crucified.

"Whatever's the matter with 'ee, George?" exclaimed his wife.

Tears were streaming down his face, primed, as I well knew, from his work as a threshing-engine driver. His eyes, full of wretchedness, fixed themselves upon the woman ironing at the little deal table. She was within a month of the birth of their fourth child.

"The old chap's given I the sack! He wants us out o' this place afore Monday! And that after twenty years workin' for 'un."

"But what can 'ee have done, George, to so displease him?" There was fright in her voice.

The secret motive

He told then a story of "the guv'nor riding round as usual, and I asked 'un if 'e'd mind sendin' someone to look at our grate as the bottom'd fallen in and the oven was wore out."

It was the only grate in a cottage of three tiny rooms; I slept on a landing.

George went on: "He said nothun' at the time, but rode up into the yard just as we were coverin' up to come home, and told I to be lookin' around for another job as he wanted a cottage for the shepherd by the end o' the week. Now, I know that to be a lie, and for why?"

Round the tea-table later George told us "for why?" The three children sat silent, awed by their big father's distress.

A few weeks before had seen the finish of harvest, a very trying one for the harvest-gang, as they're called in those parts. George had been put forward by the rest of the gang to ask the guv'nor if he couldn't somehow give the men an extra pound for the month's harvesting.

Contracting to get the crops in for £8 inside the month, it had taken the gang nearly six weeks, but £8 only was to be their money.

The old guv'nor gruffly mumbled something about "a contract being a contract," and made as though to ride away, but George, daring to put a staying hand upon the horse's bridlerein, ventured that such a decision "was hardly fair to the men who've worked so well for 'ee."

Bitter period

It was for this that George was "sacked" some weeks later. He knew it. I knew it. The whole hamlet knew it, and the lesson was not lost on them.

There's usually work of some sort or other going in a village, but not another cottage, another home, unless the master lets you have it! That is the bitter tragedy of it.

George's wife went to a sister's already overcrowded home to bear her child, whilst George spent a bitter three winter months finding another job.

And for that he had to cross the county border, where neither he nor his late boss were known.

There are more good farmers about than bad ones, though the latter are numerous enough to bespatter the fair fame of the farming industry for the way it treats its workers.

And the "tied" farm cottage is the most pernicious instrument available for a hard or worried farmer to bend the rural worker to his needs.

Since 1920, over 8,000 ejectment orders have been granted to farmers to gain possession of cottages occupied by some married man or other unable to find another job with the essential cottage attached, in time to suit the convenience or perhaps ill-will of the former employer.

There have also been thousands upon thousands of unregistered instances where the discarded man has just moved out with his family and few belongings to make shift with relatives, who themselves are on the bare side of existence.

Sometimes it is only a shed or quite often "the workhouse," until the man can find fresh work—and a cottage.

Applying the squeeze

After a spell of this kind of thing, just imagine the sort of terms he may feel disposed to accept to get in somewhere.

Here is part of a letter just received from a man in Rutland:

> The master has given me an excellent character, but says he cannot afford to pay more than 25s. a week for a horseman and stand off wet time. He knows I have not got a cottage yet. We are expecting an increase in the family any time now. I don't know what to do.

A farmer near Yeovil Junction boasted to a Member of Parliament, over a glass or two of beer, that he "knew the right moment to get men to take less money—and be damned to the Wages Boards—and that was when there was a missus in the family way!"

It is the "tied" cottage that gives harsh employers their power to do such things.

There is, thanks be, the other side: I know of thirteen cottages in Kent, held under one farmer, where every worker is a contented man—and has been for ten or twenty years.

Yet, for the vast majority, the use of the cottage ceases with the man's job, no matter if no other job or cottage is available for fifty miles round.

That is the menace which hangs over the heads and homes of well over 200,000 agricultural workers in Britain to-day "if the worst comes to the worst" for any of them.

In Norfolk recently a farm changed hands, and two men received notices to give up their cottages. Summonses were issued against them. They were ordered to get out within a month.

Hard as a stone

One man, earning 30s. a week, found another cottage at 10s. weekly rent. In both cases, as is usual, the farm-workers had to pay the legal costs of their evictions, amounting to over £9 each.

The men offered to pay 2s. per week, which the landlord refused, instructing his solicitors to levy execution upon their furniture.

Fortunately, a judge pronounced these proceedings as monstrous, and ordered the acceptance of 2s. per week "or go without."

The crying need is for thousands of ordinary cottages to be built forthwith along our country lanes and in our rural villages to be let at 5s. and even less per week.

In *1913*, a Government Committee reported that at least 120,000 rural cottages were urgently needed. Since then only 40,000 have been built, 20,000 under the 1924 Act.

In hundreds of parishes not a single cottage has been built for over twenty years. Yet rural cottages are notoriously insanitary. For want of repairs they fall into ruin, condemned at long last by medical officers of health.

Throughout the South of England and in the vicinity of large urban centres the more picturesque of them have been purchased by week-end cottagers. Farmers have let many a tied cottage of late years to workers in other industries, cycling miles to their daily work, who offer rents as high as 15s. per week.

Build now!

One of the Government's meanest economies was to suspend the Rural Housing Act of 1931, which provided for the construction of 40,000 houses specifically for agricultural workers. It was a shameful economy to make.

A programme of 200,000 free cottages throughout rural Britain is what is really necessary.

The countryside will only breathe freely, mentally and spiritually, when the "tied cottage" is as dead as the serfdom of feudalism.

P.O. Man says "No!"

SOME interesting sidelights are thrown on the conditions of employment for sub-postmasters by the recent resignation of Mr. H. A. Utting, of Shardlow, on the main London-Manchester road, near Derby.

Mr. Utting has presided over the post-office there for twenty-eight years, during which time he has been in the habit of commencing postal business at the early hour of 6.30 a.m.

Now, apparently, the authorities wish him to commence at 5.45 a.m., and Mr. Utting, feeling that this is too much, has resigned as a gesture of protest.

And, in doing so, he has "spilled the beans." In a notice posted outside his premises he reveals that the proposed change of hours would cut down his rest to about five and a half hours—exclusive of night calls which have to be dealt with.

He points out, too, that he is only allowed £3 11s. a week as it is, and could get nothing more for starting earlier. By the time he has paid his three assistants he is out of pocket!

There is, we know, considerable dissatisfaction among sub-postmasters throughout the country because of the increasing and often unreasonable demands made upon their time and service. But open protests such as Mr. Utting's are rare.

His resignation is going to cost the postal authorities something like £200, for it means that the post-office and telephone exchange must be transferred to other premises.

We think the conditions of employment under which sub-postmasters serve might well be revised.

MR. RIGHT

The feminine world is always intent on searching for "the right man." Here, in the February *20 Story Magazine*, is the story of how one girl found hers. It is a Selwyn Jepson romance—a glamorous yarn which will entrance you.

Patrick Green, Ethel Mannin, Frank Condon, amongst many other authors, contribute humour, love and adventure in this bumper February Number of the *20 Story Magazine*, now on sale, 1s.

THE BIG SECRET IS OUT—
ON JANUARY 28

STUDY AT HOME

YOU CAN HAVE A COLLEGE TRAINING IN ALMOST ANY CAREER FOR A FEW SHILLINGS MONTHLY

IN YOUR SPARE TIME

FOUNDED 1900 — 31 YEARS OF SUCCESS

THIS IS THE BENNETT COLLEGE — ALL OF IT.

The Bennett College is not a Rented Room in a well-known street—it is a *College*. Over 30 years ago the Founder took as his motto what has now become a household slogan :

LET ME BE YOUR FATHER

In many trades and professions there are more vacancies than trained men to fill them. We do not profess to act as an employment agency, but our gigantic organisation certainly does tell us where the demand exists, thus enabling us to give FATHERLY ADVICE ON ALL CAREERS AND THE POSSIBILITY OF EMPLOYMENT, FREE.

WE TEACH ALL BRANCHES OF THE FOLLOWING VOCATIONS AND SPECIALISE IN ALL EXAMINATIONS CONNECTED THEREWITH.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL AND MOST PROGRESSIVE CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE IN THE WORLD.

Accountancy Examinations.	Civil Service.	Naval Architecture.
Advertising and Sales Management.	All Commercial Subjects.	Pattern Making.
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Applied Mechanics.	Concrete and Structural Engineering.	Preceptors, College of.
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Book-keeping, Accountancy and Modern Business Methods.	B.O.T. Marine.	Ship-building.
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Building, Architecture and Clerk of Works.	Metallurgy.	Surveying.
Chemistry.	Mining, all subjects.	Teachers of Handicrafts.
Civil Engineering.	Mining Electrical Engineering.	Telephony and Telegraphy.
	Motor Engineering.	Town Planning.
	Municipal and County Engineers.	Transport.
		Weights and Measures Insp.
		Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony.
		Works Managers.

IF YOU DO NOT SEE YOUR OWN REQUIREMENTS ABOVE, WRITE TO US ON ANY SUBJECT.

IT COSTS NOTHING TO ENQUIRE.

WE TEACH BY POST IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Also ask for Our New Book (FREE OF CHARGE),

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Secrets of Success.

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THE BENNETT COLLEGE LTD.

(Dept. 31), SHEFFIELD.

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YOUNG MEN physically fit should join the Police. Study at home in your spare time. We have special courses for Entrance and Promotion ; 1s. per week brings success. Full particulars free, or advice about other careers, Commercial, Technical or Civil Service, free. Apply to the above address.

BARRY'S FOR ECONOMY

Sensational SALE Offer

FOR 14 DAYS ONLY

THE FINEST VALUE IN THE WORLD

ALL WOOL PLUS FOUR OR LOUNGE SUIT *Made to your Measures* **35/-**

100% All Wool Indigo Dyed, Botany Yarn, Guaranteed London Shrunk BLUE SERGE SUIT *Made to your measures (Alpaca lining to match)* **45/-**

SEND FOR THIS REMARKABLE* FREE *RANGE OF PATTERNS!

All Barry Cloths are of entirely British Manufacture — EVERY INCH BRITISH

The famous **BARRY MILITAIRE All Weather Coat** IN LATEST PUTTY SHADE OR NAVY BLUE for **19/6** POST PAID (FLEECE-LINED)

POST YOUR REMITTANCE FOR 19/6 STATING YOUR CHEST MEASUREMENT AND HEIGHT

CALL OR WRITE **S. A. BARRY & CO. LTD.** (J.B. Dept.) 26 CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1 CALL OR WRITE

OUR ONLY ADDRESS. WE HAVE NO BRANCHES.

Great Campaign Against ASTHMA

Bronchitis and other Lung Troubles

"Potter's Asthma Cure is the only thing that keeps me alive."

The amount of suffering, enormous number of deaths annually and time lost from work owing to these troubles is appalling and amounts to a national danger, so great, that an Asthma Research Council has been appointed and is investigating the whole subject. Many sufferers get depressed, lose heart, despair, fail to adopt the very treatment that would give them immediate relief, their power of resistance is weakened and their trouble becomes chronic. There's no need to despair. Potter's Asthma Cure gives immediate relief even in the worst cases. Prove this to-day by accepting the offer of a Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, Smoking Mixture and Cigarettes.

A STRIKING TESTIMONY

Mr. W. K., Loughborough, writes: "I tried Potter's Asthma Cure and it acted like magic. I had the best night for months—in fact I feel a new man. I am nearly 74 and have suffered from Asthma for quite 56 years."

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

is supplied by all chemists in full-sized tins at 1/6, or direct, post free 1/9, from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

TO OUTDOOR WORKERS

If you are subject to Asthma, Bronchitis, Lung or Chest Troubles and your occupation compels you to be out of doors, you are strongly recommended to smoke Potter's Asthma Smoking Mixture or Cigarettes which will give you instant relief.

POST THIS COUPON FOR FREE SAMPLE & BOOKLET

To Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60 Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

I enclose two penny stamps to cover postage for a Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, Smoking Mixture, and Cigarettes, also a copy of booklet, "ARE YOU ASTHMATIC?"

Name.....

Address.....

"John Bull." PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS

HE POSES as Lord Rothermere's Friend

A POLISHED rogue named J. B. Macfarlane, who poses as the friend of peers, publishers and Pressmen, has found a new way of making a fat living by fraud.

He was heard of quite recently in Paisley, where he called upon the general manager of a firm and claimed that he had a special appointment with the managing director.

It so happened that the managing director had been called away to London a day or so previously—a fact which Macfarlane had secretly ascertained beforehand. So, in the absence of his superior, the manager received the visitor in all good faith.

Mythical influence

From the outset, J. B. Macfarlane revealed an intimate knowledge of the firm's affairs, and pretended that the matter he wished to discuss was of such importance that it could not possibly be left until the director's return.

The manager was duly impressed and Mr. Macfarlane thereupon confided that he was a great authority on Manchurian affairs and was in a position to influence orders with Manchurian firms through secret trade channels.

He even implied that he was in the employ of the Manchurian Government and thus enjoyed special privileges. The manager was convinced that a big trading contract was involved, and at Macfarlane's request handed him a letter addressed to the head of the firm at his London hotel.

Macfarlane intimated that he would make a point of getting in touch with the director on his return to London, but added that it was disappointing to be "treated in this fashion," because he had previously been given to understand everything had been satisfactorily arranged at the Paisley office and that a cheque to cover expenses already incurred would be awaiting him.

Stolen cheque book

The manager could only conclude that his director had been unable to give necessary instructions before being called away to London, but Macfarlane was most gracious and said he could quite understand, and, in the circumstances, the cheque could wait.

But, he added, he would be most obliged if the manager could cash a personal cheque for him in the meantime.

This the manager readily agreed to do, but a day or two later it came back dishonoured and the manager learned to his dismay that it was one of many drawn upon the Hillhead branch of a Glasgow bank which had been cashed recently in various names.

Closer enquiry showed that cheques from the same book had been cashed in the names of "Thomas Wilson," "J. Smith," "A. Fleming," "George Paterson" and "A. Wyllie."

And the cheque-book itself was one reported to have been stolen from a distinguished visitor to one of the leading hotels at St. Andrews.

The fact is that Macfarlane was in St. Andrews prior to his visit to Paisley, and he there posed as the brother of a famous Canadian golfer.

In this way be succeeded in gaining admittance to a very exclusive local golf club, where he soon created an impression by confiding that he was the personal friend of Lord Rothermere, the newspaper proprietor, for whom he was writing a special series of descriptive articles on the Royal and Ancient game of golf.

He pretended, in fact, that he was then engaged upon an article dealing with St. Andrews.

In the belief that he was actually a distinguished Pressman, several people gave him hospitality and obliged him by cashing cheques for varying amounts.

Then, without warning, the distinguished visitor disappeared from St. Andrews, leaving his hotel bill unpaid, and with several people complaining that his cheques had been returned by the bankers.

One coup perpetrated during his stay in St. Andrews will serve to illustrate his ingenuity and audacity.

Learning that Sir Frank Newnes, Bart., was in the district at the time, Macfarlane kept him under observation, familiarised himself with his movements, and then despatched a telegram in the baronet's name asking Sir Frank's London office to wire £25 to the Post Office at St. Andrews.

The money was duly wired, and Macfarlane duly collected it before departing from the town for good.

He next turned up in Glasgow, where he interviewed the head of a big firm of ropemakers, saying that he had big connections in South Africa and could influence lucrative contracts.

He cunningly pretended to have "inside information" to the effect that South Africa was shortly going off the gold standard, so that trading would be exceptionally profitable.

Here is the real Lord Rothermere. His name's been taken in vain. Below is Sir Frank Newnes, robbed by telegram

Paper-chase

His whole story was a tissue of lies, but he succeeded in impressing his hearers sufficiently to induce them to cash a cheque for him.

Cupar, Fifeshire, has also been favoured with a flying visit, and many of Macfarlane's worthless cheques have been scattered there, while local traders are also complaining that they have supplied goods to him which have never been paid for.

Even the hotel at which he stayed has an unpaid bill to show, while several guests have complained that their rooms were burgled during the time of Macfarlane's visit.

It is significant that one article reported missing at this particular hotel was a book containing sixty cheques.

Some of these cheques have since been cashed at the very bank on which they are drawn!

With characteristic impudence Macfarlane walked into this bank, talked freely about the rightful owner of the book, and induced the teller to cash a forged cheque.

Telegram ruse

Though Macfarlane has been so active in Scotland he has also operated south of the Tweed. He was in Harrogate not long ago, staying at the Spa Hydro Hotel in great style.

There he cashed a number of cheques in his usual inimitable manner and, as a generous gesture, left behind him a number of articles which were found to have been stolen from previous places of call.

Among the growing list of complainants we find several London firms to which he told glowing stories of his Manchurian contracts, thus extracting loans or negotiating worthless cheques.

One of his favourite pastimes between his bigger coups is to study the movements of important business men and to despatch bogus telegrams in their names when they are temporarily away from their offices.

Recently, for instance, he discovered that the managing director of a prominent Glasgow firm was staying in Deal. So Macfarlane journeyed to Deal and wired from there in the director's name for £20 to be sent at once to the G.P.O. at Deal.

Stooping man

The ruse worked successfully, as it has done repeatedly in recent months.

It is no exaggeration to say that Macfarlane is wanted all over the country, and in the hope that some reader may be able to identify him we can give a general description of him as follows:

He is a man of about forty, of slim build, thin, pale features and sleekly brushed hair. He is nearly six feet in height, and walks with a slight stoop.

A BUSINESS GIRL PASSES ON

PEOPLE in numerous parts of the country have been victimised by a pretty young woman of twenty-six, named Mildred Stuart, who is enjoying a prolonged motoring tour through Britain and finding dupes in every town she visits.

Mildred Stuart, we may say at once, is only one of a series of names in which this persistent adventuress has passed, and it is possible that some of our readers may have heard of her as "Georgina Hill," "Mrs. Dawson" or "Edna Day."

Until recently she was staying at a St. Albans hotel, where she allayed all suspicion by her quiet demeanour and by paying her bill promptly.

She was assumed to be a business woman, for she was known to receive a number of letters each morning and was in the habit of going out daily in her car at set hours.

After a time she confided to the management that she was negotiating for the purchase of a tobacco and confectionery business in St. Albans, and produced documents purporting to show that she had lately inherited £15,000.

A few days later Miss Stuart explained that the negotiations for the confectionery business had fallen through, as the vendor was asking too much money. But she added that she had heard of a hairdressing business and manicure parlour for sale in Watford, which sounded tempting.

She reported progress in her negotiations for this business from day to day, and said that everything was going well. Then, one afternoon, she returned to the hotel to say that she had to pay a deposit in cash and was £10 short of the required amount.

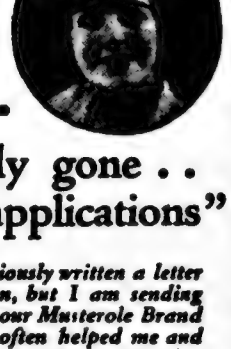
She had rushed back from Watford at the risk of being hauled up for speeding, but had been just too late to catch the bank before it closed. It was most disappointing, and she was afraid she would lose the chance of securing an ideal business.

The management of the hotel readily obliged her by advancing the required money, and Miss Stuart set off in her car for Watford again. That was the last seen of her in St. Albans.

By recounting similar fanciful stories in Birkenhead, Ramsgate, Southend, Tonbridge, Dulwich and various London districts, this variously named adventuress has maintained a steady and substantial income.

Victims in all these places would be glad to receive news of her present whereabouts.

YOU'LL OPEN YOUR EYES ON JANUARY 28



"Terrible Cough .. practically gone .. after *two* applications"

"I have never previously written a letter of this description, but I am sending you this because your Musterole Brand Ointment has so often helped me and I feel you deserve some expression of appreciation.

"A chemist recommended it two years ago when my husband had a bad chest cold with a terrible cough. After two or three applications the cough was practically gone. He said he could feel the Musterole loosening the congestion. Within a few days he was perfectly fit again.

"Since then we have been regular users and only last week I am sure I stopped an almost certain attack of influenza with it. I think it is a splendid preparation."

Yours faithfully (Mrs.) J.M.S.

That terrible, tearing sort of cough can be loosened at once by the deep-penetrating warmth of this clean, white ointment. Just rub it on the chest. You feel its tingling warmth sinking in. It goes deep down, reaches the congestion, disperses it, gives ease at once, relief after a few applications. Your chemist stocks it. Buy a jar today.

MUSTEROLE BRAND

MUSTARD OINTMENT MADE IN ENGLAND.

Thos. Christy & Co., 4-12, Old Swan Lane, E.C.4

GALLOWAY

THE *RIGHT* WAY TO STOP A COUGH...

The first dose of Galloway's Cough Syrup gives immediate relief and puts you on the right road to a complete cure. No other remedy is so pleasant or so certain for young and old alike.

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY

Mr. George Clarke, the well-known comedian, writes :—" It is most essential for me to keep free from coughs and colds, and for some time past I have relied entirely upon Galloway's Cough Syrup, with the most satisfactory results. I can always be sure of giving my turn without having to contend with coughs and colds."

GALLOWAY'S COUGH SYRUP

Sold by all Chemists and Stores, price 1/3 and 2/6 per bottle.

£250 for naming your favourite RADIO STARS

1st Prize £200
2nd Prize £20
3rd Prize £10
20 Prizes of £1

Competition closes February 8th and the result will be published in the "Daily Mail" on Feb. 22nd, 1932. Send in your entry as soon as possible.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

[1] Read these rules carefully.

[2] Vote for your own favourite Radio star by placing a cross [X] in one space only in the column on the left-hand side of the entry form.

[3] Number the stars from 1—8 in what you consider will be their order of popularity as a result of the general voting, using the space provided on the right-hand side of the form for this purpose.

On the entry form for the Competition will be found the names of eight Radio stars. Each competitor is first required to record his own vote as to which of these stars is his favourite by putting a "X" against his or her name on the left-hand side of the entry form. In recording this vote he is to be guided only by his own personal taste. These votes when counted will determine the popular order of the various stars.

The competitor whose list agrees, or most nearly agrees, with the popular order will be awarded the first prize, irrespective of whom he himself votes for on the left-hand side; the next nearest will receive the second prize, and so on.

You may send in as many attempts as you like. **Each entry must be accompanied by two cardboard boxes, one from a 6d. tube of Oatine Snow, and one from a 6d. tube of Oatine Cream, or two of either.**

The decision of the Oatine Company must be accepted as final, and this is a condition of entry and no correspondence will be entered into. The Company will not be responsible for any letter delayed or lost in the post, and proof of posting cannot be accepted as proof of delivery. Your name and address must be filled in in block letters.

The Oatine Co. reserve the right to divide the prizes in any manner they may think fit should two or more competitors tie. Further entry forms may be obtained on application and when two or more are enclosed in one envelope the name and address must be filled in on each form.

From all chemists and stores, including Boot's, Taylor's Timothy White's and Woolworth's Branches.

OATINE SNOW

is a vanishing cream used during the day by women who care for their appearance. It keeps the skin soft and velvety and, when used before powder, it renders frequent applications unnecessary. Men should use Oatine Snow after shaving. It relieves irritation and keeps the skin cool, soft and smooth.

OATINE CREAM

is for use at night as a skin food. It penetrates the pores, cleansing and nourishing the skin, removing wrinkles, ugly lines and all roughness. It acts as a protection from the harmful effect of exposure to the weather, and keeps the skin always clear and healthy.

Oatine Snow and Oatine Cream are now packed in handy tubes at 6d. each

Make your purchase to-day to avoid disappointment through shortage of stocks.

£250 COUPON

To The Oatine Company, Competition Dept. 23, Oatine Buildings, London, S.E.1.

The cross (only one) in the space on left of the list of names marks my own favourite Radio Star. The numbers 1—8 in the right hand column represent my forecast of the order of popularity of the eight Stars whose names are included in this list. I agree to the conditions as set out in this advertisement.

Put your cross (X) in this column.	ENTRY FORM.	Put your numbers 1—8 in this column.
	Clapham & Dwyer	
	Mabel Constanduros & Michael Hogan	
	Cicely Courtneidge	
	Gracie Fields	
	Tommy Handley	
	Jack Hulbert	
	Jack Payne	
	Gillie Potter	

REMEMBER—Two cardboard boxes as referred to in the conditions above must accompany this coupon.

Signed.....

Address.....

USE INK AND WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS.....

Oatine preparations are British-made and British-owned.

cvs—48

"THE BABE," "BETTY" and "MARY"—

Three SHOPLIFTING Queens

by Major-General Sir Wyndham Childs

A FORTNIGHT ago I exposed the detective agencies which depend for their fees largely upon manufactured "cases" against shop assistants whom they deliberately decoy into trifling lapses, while hardened offenders go unpunished.

This week I propose to show how three queens of shoplifting snap their fingers at law and authority and live luxury lives at the expense of the storekeepers—and, in the end, the public.

There are to-day a number of gangs which specialise in nothing else but shoplifting, and there is scarcely a store in London or any of the big provincial cities that is not a regular source of income to them.

Three gangs

Their organisation is superb, and even though many of the chief offenders are known to the police and to most house detectives, their coups are so cleverly carried out that the authorities are still without sufficient proof to secure convictions.

The three principal gangs in London to-day are all governed by women. There is "The Babe," who has headquarters somewhere in Wigmore Street; "Betty," with a large house in Notting Hill, and "Mary," who is known to have a shop of her own near Regent Street.

These three are artists in their own way. At one time or another in their respective careers they have all contrived to obtain jobs as counter hands in most of the important West End of London stores.

There is nothing they do not know about the inside organisation of a big departmental store. They are familiar with every phase of the general routine; know most house detectives by sight, and are conversant with various book-keeping, checking and despatching systems.

In some instances they even run accounts at the leading stores and settle their bills regularly to prove an alibi of respectability when they are cornered.

Planting decoys

The methods used in organising frauds reveal infinite resource. Pawns are employed in the persons of respectable-looking girls and women who can always be depended upon to obtain temporary engagements as counter hands during sales and other rush seasons.

But they are not posted in any haphazard fashion. A definite plan of campaign is always arranged. Thus, one girl will go to the china and glass department of one store; a second to the underwear and hosiery department elsewhere; a third to the fancy jewellery counter of yet another store, and so on, until almost every class of merchandise is covered.

It is the boast of the queen bees in this thieving hive that they can obtain almost anything they desire at short notice.

In the fitting room, safe from the house detective's watchful eye, the "inside" accomplice bedecks the dress crook in stolen apparel.

Once their own accomplices are behind the counters the campaign can proceed, though skill, ingenuity and inside knowledge are still paramount requirements.

The simplest trick is for other members of a gang to call at stores where accomplices are thus employed in temporary posts, make small purchases as a blind and receive a parcel of stolen goods across the counter.

These transactions are always timed to take place when the head of the department and most of the staff are absent for meals.

In the case of underwear and dresses the bogus shopper slips these on in the privacy of a fitting room, and with the connivance of the inside accomplice it is thus a simple matter for her to walk out with several valuable garments upon her.

Yet another method is to order certain goods to be sent on approval and to keep them while the accomplice behind the counter fakes documents to represent that the articles have been returned to stock.

Big stores riddled

To secure furniture or other bulky goods the gangs do not hesitate to resort to forgery. Faked bills are made out for the benefit of the despatch department which delivers the goods to the supposed customer in all good faith.

The faked bill is delivered with the goods; the crooked assistant tears up the carbon copy, and no trace of the forgery remains.

Scarcely a big store in the kingdom has not suffered from these gang raids. Harrods, Whiteleys, Selfridges, Barkers, Swan and Edgars have all been victims at some time or other; yet all efforts to check the offenders have so far failed.

It is true that there have been several prosecutions in connection with the gangs we have named, but so far only the merest pawns have been brought to book, and the organisers invariably withdraw to the country and "rest" for a spell when any suggestion of trouble is afoot.

The woman known as "Betty" was actually spotted in a West End store about a fortnight ago; but her keen eyes sighted the house detective almost as soon as he saw her, and she left hurriedly after making one trivial purchase.

There is not the slightest doubt that she was there for some fraudulent purpose, but the detective could not fasten an offence upon her.

Another deeply disquieting aspect is that the gangs are always keeping shop assistants under observation, and, being expert psychologists, sooner or later succeed in marking down girls of inexperienced or weak-willed type.

With infinite patience they visit a likely victim's counter and make a number of genuine purchases, sometimes paying cash, sometimes having them put on an account.

In this way they become known, and the next step is to start friendly conversations with the girl every time a purchase is made.

Then will come an invitation to dine—usually at a fashionable hotel or restaurant, where the prospective victim will be given "a good time."

Finally, there comes a day when the kindly "customer" cajoles the unsuspecting girl into letting her have some article at slightly reduced price.

There will be other invitations; other "good times"; then further requests for unofficial "discounts."

Once the victim has been decoyed into a few slight lapses of this kind she is in the crook's power. Demands are increased, and under threat of exposure the wretched girl is persuaded to assist in bigger shop coups.

Fight the crooks

It is a lamentable fact that these gangs find many of their young recruits in this despicable fashion.

I suggest that the money and ingenuity now being expended in trying to find cases of petty lapses among honest employees would be better devoted to combating organised shop crooks of the kind here exposed.

SAILOR'S SHIP *Comes Home*

ONE Friday evening recently a call came through from London for a leading-signalman aboard a cruiser lying at Portsmouth. He hurried to the ship's telephone, wondering what this sudden summons could mean. And though hearing was difficult, he could just recognise his sister's excited voice.

"*Bullets*—JOHN BULL—First Prize!" were the words that almost took his own breath away.

The happy winner was Leading-Signalman E. E. Catchpole, who from his home address, 53, West Street, Lower Edmonton, London, N., entered for Competition No. 831 the telling *Bullet:* "Angry Sea—Formed Britain's 'Rugged Character.'"

For those few words this sailor's ship has come triumphantly home with a rich cargo of £1,500. To this fortune, moreover, JOHN BULL will add a £50 cheque every Christmas so long as the winner is living.

When this splendid news spread round the ships in Portsmouth Dockyard, we gather, the Senior Service was not quite so Silent as usual.

Though Mr. Catchpole had been "dabbling" in *Bullets* for a few years, it was only four months ago that he decided to take up the competition seriously. He registered for a regular supply of our free weekly *Bullets Bulletin* and made up his mind to enter every week without fail.

So confident was he of success that when home on Christmas leave he made a jocular prophecy to his sister.

"The next thing I'll get from JOHN BULL," he remarked, taking his *Bulletin* from its envelope, "will be that big Christmas first."

Well, he was right. None the less, the good news overwhelmed him, for it means fifteen years' pay besides the annual £50, which, as a brisk, healthy young man of thirty - three, he hopes to draw for at least fifty years!

His £1,500 prophecy came true

Any reader of JOHN BULL can follow Mr. Catchpole up to the competition bridge, and this week's offer of big cash prizes and radio gramophones provides an ideal opportunity for *you* to join the good ship *Bullets*. Sign on with a coupon from page 39 this evening.

You Like Surprises? One Is Coming to You on January 28

10/-

COMPLETE WITH EVERYTHING READY TO PLAY

Actual size of set 16¾ ins. x 16¾ ins. x 9¾ ins.

CASH PRICE **84/-**

BRITAIN'S SUPER-TWO

STAGGERING OFFER BY BRITISH RADIO MANUFACTURER

100,000 RADIO SETS COMPLETE TO BE SOLD AT 84/- EACH

THIS world-famous Super-Two Set is the most compact and trouble-free radio set ever invented. (Yet you can have it playing in your home for 10/- down!)

There are no gadgets or fancy bits to worry you. Simplicity and perfect year-after-year performance are the keynotes of this wonder set. In three years' time it will still be a modern up-to-date set.

A child can fix it up and work it easily. The Super-Two is the Morris of the wireless world—efficient—utterly dependable and inexpensive. Playing for you like clockwork when more elaborate and fancy-priced sets are "not working."

The 1932 Super-Two Set you buy is backed by one of the most modern British factories and a service second to none.

How different to sit by the fireside on winter nights—calling music to you from anywhere at the turn of a dial! Clear, pure-toned music of gramophone volume—you can tone it down quiet if baby's sleeping.

"What station shall we have?"

"Regional?" Push that plug in. You've got Regional, perfectly clear.

"National?" Plug in there. You've got National immediately, and if you would like to hear the world's finest opera from Italy just tune in to Milan or Rome.

Dance music from Paris even on a Sunday evening? There you are—clear as a bell—just think of the enjoyment you can bring to <u>your</u> home at such a small cost.

Even with an indoor aerial you can listen to British stations, in full volume, and with an outdoor aerial foreign stations roll in as clear and pure as any standard 4-Valve set.

The Super-Two has been specially tested in 148 centres in every corner of the British Isles, so no matter <u>where</u> you live your Super-Two will give you perfectly satisfactory reception.

9,000 glowing testimonials have already been received from all over the country. Almost every National Newspaper has printed praise of this marvel of British mass-production.

<u>Yet this Super-Two Set is yours for 10/- down, absolutely complete. Then only 9 more Monthly Payments of 9/5</u>

Everything self-contained in the handsome Jacobean oak cabinet (size 16¾ in. by 16¾ in. by 9¾ in.)—Super-Two detector and amplifying valves—super-capacity H.T. battery and Grid bias—Super-Two Four Pole balanced armature loudspeaker with special large Super-Two cone, and Super-Two accumulator. Charge the accumulator and your Super-Two is ready to play. The aerial and earth are the only outside wires.

What a marvel of British mass production.

If you prefer to learn more about this amazing set before buying post ENQUIRY FORM below.

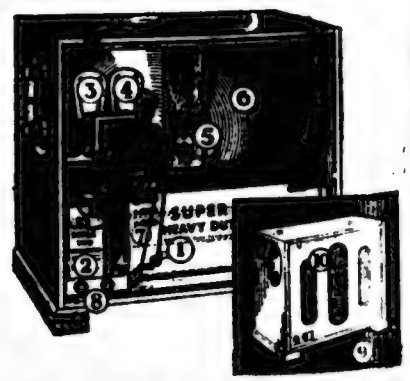
Post special "John Bull" order form below for return post delivery. Guaranteed to arrive in perfect condition. Immediate delivery guaranteed for cash orders.

HOW THIS PRICE BECAME POSSIBLE

By eliminating all the frills and troublesome gadgets of the ordinary wireless set and concentrating upon utter simplicity and effectiveness, we have, by modern British mass-production methods, achieved what the wireless trade had thought impossible—WE HAVE PRODUCED A 10 GUINEA SET TO SELL AT 84/-. But this was only made possible by making 100,000 sets at a time instead of 1,000, by cutting out intermediate profits, by cutting our costs to the bone, and by buying raw materials and high-grade components at sensationally low rock-bottom prices. . . . Those who buy the Super-Two sets have the added satisfaction of dealing direct with the actual inventors and manufacturers, who are members of the Radio Manufacturers' Association.

SEE AND HEAR IT AND BUY IT ON THE SPOT

from our factory, 317, Hoe Street, Walthamstow, London, E.17, and at Super-Two Showrooms, 159, Borough High Street, London, S.E.1, and at 11, Jewry Street, E.C.3, and at 171, Hamlet Court Road, Westcliff-on-Sea.



ORDER FORM

Post to HUSTLER, SIMPSON & WEBB, LTD., 317, HOE STREET, WALTHAMSTOW, E.17.

Dear Sirs,

Please send me carriage paid with full instructions:—

(1) One 1932 Super-Two Set, as advertised, complete with valves, batteries and loudspeaker in Oak cabinet at £4 : 4 : 0.

(2) I enclose 10/- deposit for a 1932 Super-Two Set, complete with valves, batteries and loudspeaker in Oak cabinet on hire purchase terms as advertised. I agree to pay 9 further monthly instalments of 9/5.

(Cross out paragraph 1 or 2 not required.)

I order only on the condition that my Super-Two Set will be delivered in perfect working order.

I enclose .....

Name .....

Address .....

..... **J.B., 16/1/32.**

ENQUIRY FORM

Post (½d. stamp on an unsealed envelope will do) **to Hustler, Simpson & Webb, Ltd., 317, Hoe Street, Walthamstow, E.17.**

Dear Sirs,

Please send me post free, without any obligation on my part, illustrated folder and further details of your 1932 Super-Two Set.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

..... **J.B., 16/1/32.**

10 BIG POINTS

1. *The* '1932 *SUPER-TWO*' 100 volt super capacity *High Tension and Grid Bias Battery.*
2. *The* '1932 *SUPER-TWO*' 2 volt *Low Tension Accumulator.*
3. *The* '1932 *SUPER-TWO*' *Detector Valve.*
4. *The* '1932 *SUPER-TWO*' *Amplifying Valve.*
5. *The* '1932 *SUPER-TWO*' *Four Pole balanced armature Loudspeaker unit.*
6. *Special large* '1932 *SUPER-TWO*'—*cone gives natural reproduction of low and high notes.*
7. *Outline of Clamp holding Batteries in position—Accumulator cannot spill.*
8. *Terminals for Aerial and Earth—the only outside wires.*
9. *Back view of* '1932 *SUPER-TWO*.'
10. *Fine gauze prevents vibration and nasal tone giving loud-speaker reproduction back and front.*

★ **TRADE ENQUIRIES INVITED** *IMMEDIATE Delivery can be given.* W.3

HANNEN SWAFFER Reveals—

Why ACTRESSES CAN'T Act!

An audition. But they didn't spot a winner in 1931, says the writer

WILL this year produce a new actress? 1931 certainly failed to do so.

Indeed, not for some years now has the London stage produced any woman whose fame has spread throughout the land. Nor will it, unless things alter.

What was once a glorious tradition has degenerated into a polite sexlessness in which many of the young actors are quite as effeminate as the young actresses.

Authors cannot write "parts" now. All the characters speak alike—that is, like the author.

Not one new epigram worthy of Wilde or Pinero has been uttered on the London stage for ten years. Not one syllable of poetic drama is ever heard, unless it is Shakespeare, which the public, very wisely, prefers to see at the Old Vic or Sadler's Wells, where they *can* act it, instead of going to watch fashionable actors, who cannot.

Scratch-cats

Snobbishness has nearly killed the stage. "Ladies" and "gentlemen" are welcome within the sacred ring. Great acting ability is actually discouraged when it comes from outside.

Louise Hampton, one of the most brilliant emotional actresses seen on our stage for years, had to fight the jealousy of overpaid stars, time after time. One woman who tried to squash her was a famous actress who, growing old, was so jealous one day at rehearsal of a younger and prettier woman that she tore her new frock right down with a pin!

When a young actress is needed today, managers rush either to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, where they can hire, almost for nothing, girls who have been taught not to speak out loudly enough to wake up anybody in the gallery, or else they listen to the bleatings of some "Society" woman who has a daughter whom she cannot marry off.

You have no idea of the "gangs" that dominate the London stage.

One gang congregates at a famous club, where elderly actors plot against any critic who tries to tell the truth.

Another gang operates from a somewhat cheaper club, the members of which are invariably boosted by fellow members—their scenery, their plays, their acting, their compositions.

Pallid cacklers

Then there are the coteries of the Pallid Young Things—gatherings of cackling, falsetto-voiced youths who assemble at first-nights to applaud any silly young man who comes on, and who bleat, in the intervals and after the show, about ill-trained mediocrity which they hail as genius.

The decadence of the stage started when this sort of thing began.

People who, like myself, are in the know, realise that these Pallid Young Things already boast that, before long, they will have a champion in every theatre, in every newspaper office—everywhere, indeed, where their own kind can be encouraged and healthier kinds kept out.

The behaviour of bleating effeminacy, at some first-nights, is a thing that it is impossible to imagine. During a recent Russian ballet season, I met an artist who had come all the way from Paris, he said, not to see the ballet, but to see the audience.

The posing, and the flapping, and the giggling that went on was the sort of thing you see in a nightmare.

Now, how can a stage progress when, largely, first-night applause is in the hands of cliques like that?

In the old days, before the Lyceum restored the stage to the position of dignity it occupied in the days of Garrick, Irving had been on tour for years, acting several new parts a week, slaving and toiling. Tree, who was to follow him, began in the East End, sometimes without getting his salary.

Sybil Thorndike, the greatest tragedienne, and Edith Evans, the greatest classical comedienne, of our generation, both went through a mill of grind and worry for years. There are Gracie Fields and Cicely Courtneidge, of course—but they learned it in years of hard work on tour.

Strangely enough, the two most promising young actresses of the time are little Mary Casson, not yet eighteen, and Jean Forbes-Robertson, who is only twenty-six.

Three-line "stars"

Both are the daughters of distinguished players, who taught them how to speak up, and think up, and who made certain that they were going to take it seriously and not use it as a means of getting into some night club cheaply.

I am always seeing actresses "discovered." A new "star" is born almost every week, according to critics who do not know their jobs.

Some young actress says three or four lines, quite nicely, in a new flapper play. It is really the sort of thing you would hear at a Sunday school treat at Wimbledon.

Then, because of the over-praise she has received, she gets swollen-headed, or wants her name in electric lights. She does not know she has only been called a star because it is a short word that goes into a headline.

She spends her supper times in some fashionable grill room or night club. She ends where she should have started—with her first London part.

Meanwhile, all over the country, there must be hundreds of young women of humble origin, who never get a chance of any kind.

Great actors nearly always come from lowly stock—never mind what "Society" paragraphists say.

It is in the world of struggle that you feel, and think, and learn, and until the people who have thought, and felt, and learned find open to them, once again, the doors of Opportunity—well, Art will be what it is in London to-day—a fashionable thing to which semi-society people flock, not to enjoy it, but so that they can get their names in the papers.

In the world of the music-hall, individual art has been killed by the free-song menace.

Formerly, artists were made by developing individuality and buying songs which were their own property. Now they actually receive money from publishers for singing the same song that everybody else is singing, with the result that they all become alike, instead of being supremely different.

In the land of musical comedy, potential stage singers are being ruined by the incompetent singing teachers who draw fees for murdering voices that might develop into something if they were trained by experts.

Insincere swank

I have known a promising artist whose throat was made almost raw by lessons given in the wrong way—and for this she was charged a guinea a morning.

Long before the "Buy British" crusade became a clarion call to duty, I was barred from London theatres because of my insistence that we should find plays and artists in our own country instead of importing them wholesale from America.

Now I see swanking posters proclaiming "Buy British" outside the doors of theatres which, a few years ago, would not have me inside because I demanded that their stupid proprietors should behave like the patriots they pretended to be.

For years, it has been the fashion to bring Incompetence from Paris and Mediocrity from America, and hail it in screaming headlines and with strident voice, whereas, all the time, in the provinces, neglected and unrecognised, there were women quite as capable and much more respectable.

No manager took the trouble to find at home what he paid some agent to unearth abroad.

Oh, the humbug and hypocrisy of it all!

Yes, any Frenchwoman could come here and receive the adulation of people who would have attacked her moral character had she been living in the Walworth Road.

Don't be kidded!

So-called "Society" took her up, and the Duchess of Something asked her to tea. Then that got into the "Society" columns—not because the actress minded, but because the Duchess wanted her name in the newspapers.

Now, my readers have the future in their own hands.

If they are content to be kidded by lying managers, what they get is their own fault. If they prefer Bunk to Cleverness—well, they will get it.

The theatre is what the public demands it shall be. That has always been true.

The Human Machine

Reward of Dreams

WE are being told that this is a great time of opportunity for youth. So it is. So is every age and time. If youth has not the keys of success, who has?

That youth does not always succeed as it hopes is its own fault more often than not. There is no magic button to be pressed that will bring success as the genie sprang from Aladdin's Lamp. If youth wants to succeed it must serve its apprenticeship.

Youth must expect to have to climb slowly and laboriously to the top, and not hope to arrive with a single leap. Youth can sow its dreams, its energy, its very impatience; it can scatter its ambitions broadcast. They are all seeds that may one day ripen into action.

"What a man sows he shall reap—it is not a threat: it is a promise," wrote someone. And earnest people are sowing all the time.

One of the most surprising qualities of life is that men reap things they have forgotten they ever sowed. For the sown seed goes on growing whether we remember it or not. The wisdom of life is to go on planting.

Many of the efforts of youth are wasted because youth so readily believes that work is an affliction, and it grows tired and turns aside before the seeds it plants have even a chance to germinate.

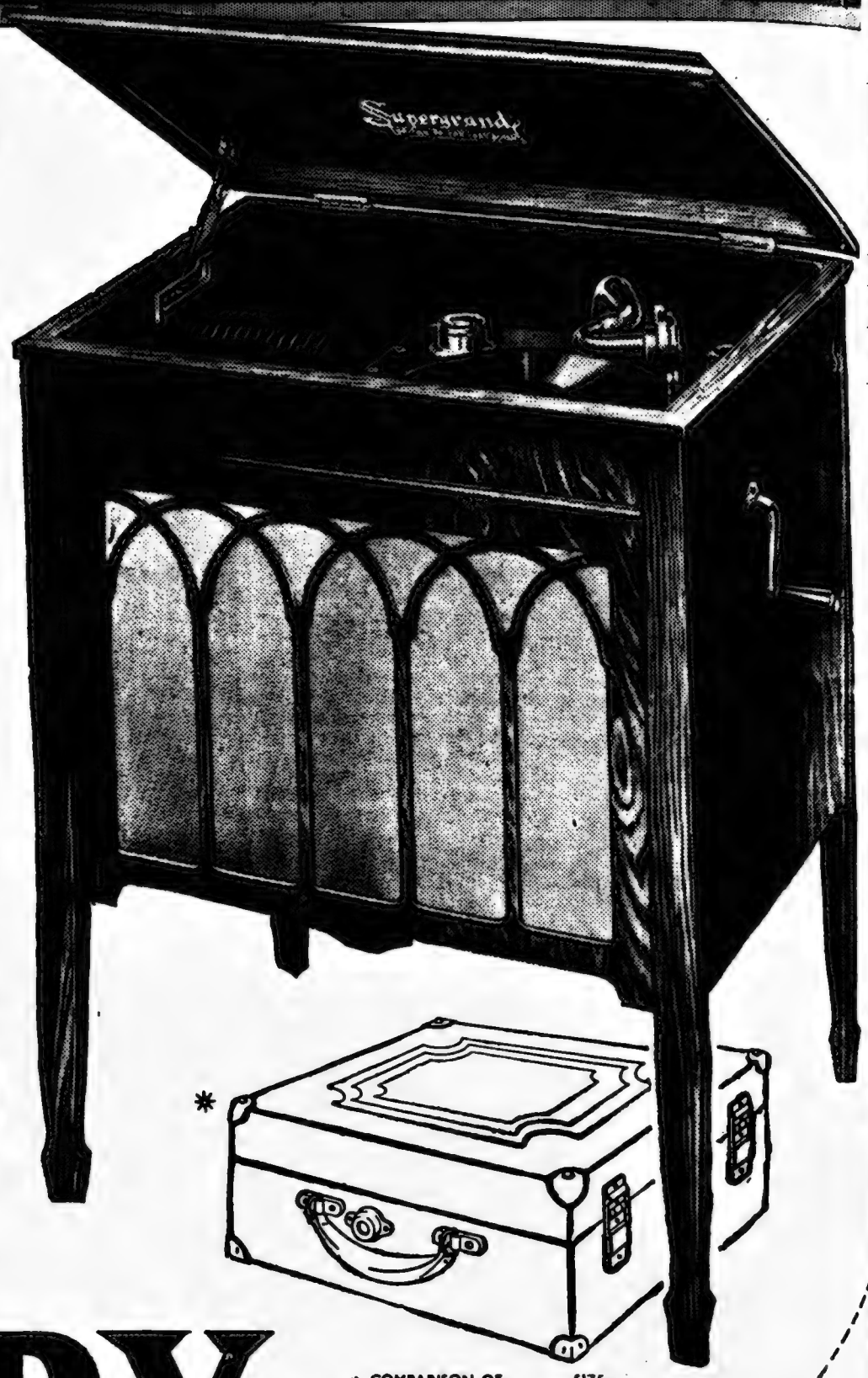
Yet this is certainly a time of opportunity for youth—so long as youth learns patience and discipline, and the need for schooling dreams and visions to impact on the details of ordinary life.

BRITISH *and* FREE

Supergrand

BRITISH TO THE LAST SCREW

WITH THE FAMOUS 5 YEAR GUARANTEE 'COLLARO' MOTOR



Staggering value! All other coupon standards *swamped* by this astounding gift. A "Supergrand" Cabinet Gramophone. The largest, greatest and most handsome gift ever offered. Change to-day to B.D.V and it will be in your home in a few weeks.

The "Supergrand" A magnificent cabinet gramophone! FREE — with B.D.V 33⅓% larger than other Gift Gramophones advertised in the press! A most handsome piece of furniture. In beautiful oak or mahogany finish. FIVE space fret front. Woven gold-gauze panels. Automatic lid stay. All British, including "Collaro" motor, guaranteed for 5 years. See it against a standard portable! Its superiority of tone and volume is as great as the difference in dimensions! Swan-neck tone arm, highly polished nickel-plated, on brass. Metal diaphragm soundbox. Compartment to take 36 of your own records. Raised needle bowls, heavily plated—gilt and polished inside. The finest value ever offered by a Gift Cigarette.

Unless otherwise specified, oak finish will be delivered.

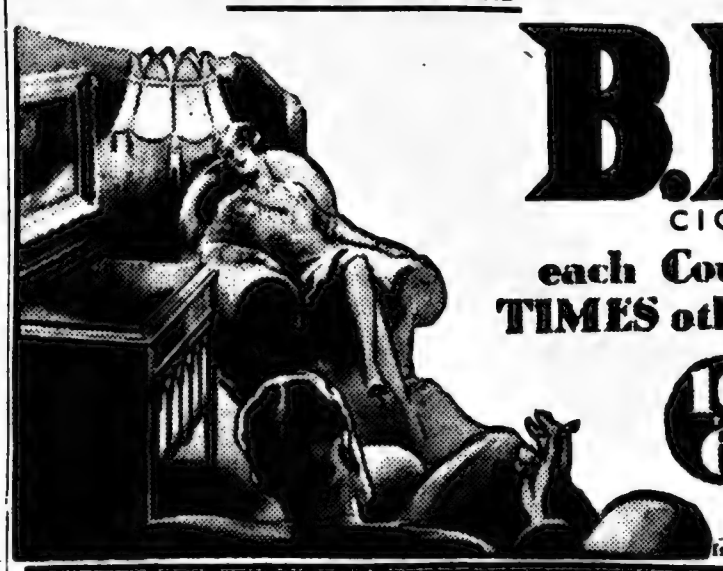
* COMPARISON OF "Supergrand" WITH A PORTABLE

In size, in volume, in purity, in beauty, in value — *many times* greater than a standard portable.

SIZE OF "Supergrand"
24 inches WIDE
32 inches HIGH
18 inches DEEP
33⅓% *larger than other Gift Gramophones advertised in the press.*

500 COUPONS ....

CARRIAGE FORWARD



B.D.V

CIGARETTES

each Coupon worth 3 TIMES other coupon values

10 FOR 6D 20 FOR 11½D

KOLSTER — BRANDES WIRELESS "MASTERPIECE"
The wonder 2-valve Set that set the New Standard.
Thousands available. 500 COUPONS

GET THE GIFT BOOK

To GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD. (Dept. J.B.), 39, Commercial Street, London, E.1.

Please send me a copy of the amazing B.D.V. Gift Book, in full colour, with 5 free coupons, showing 275 treble-value gifts.

Name.....

Address.....

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Issued by the proprietors, Godfrey Phillips, Ltd. Est. 1844.

EVEN LESS COUPONS REQUIRED FROM B.D.V. TOBACCO — EACH TOBACCO COUPON BEING WORTH 1½ CIGARETTE COUPONS

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

SEX ROT by WOMEN TEACHERS

MANY people must have opened their eyes wide with astonishment when they read the reports of the recent annual conference of the National Union of Women Teachers at Southend. It sounded more like one of the old pre-war Suffragist agitation meetings than a serious deliberation on educational methods and ways to improve them.

Education may have been discussed there, but it was certainly overshadowed by the grievances of women delegates who still believe that they do not get a square deal in this man-ridden world.

We have every sympathy for the legitimate grievances of women teachers—and, like everyone else, they have some—and we admire the valuable work they do in elementary education. But the fact remains that by the proceedings at Southend they have conveyed to the public the impression that they are too much concerned with sex warfare, and too little with the practical side of education.

What are we to think of women teachers who boil over in a frenzy of indignation at the sight of a sum in an arithmetic book—of course, a man-compiled book—which begins "If 3 men do in 5 days the same piece of work that 7 women will do in 12 days, etc., etc."?

Storm in the sum-book

WHAT a disgraceful example of male superiority to place before young children, they say. Our pupils will grow up with the idea firmly fixed in their minds that women are a much inferior sex to men. Let's have such lying sums obliterated at once from the arithmetic books!

To all of which the reply of most mothers, let alone fathers, will be "Bosh!"

You might as well say that when father sees mother trying to lift a heavy scuttle of coal in the kitchen, and pushes her aside with a "You can't lift that, mother, let me do it," the children who see the incident will grow up to look upon mother as a very inferior person to father.

And, on the contrary, if father let mother strain herself lifting the scuttle, while he continued to read the newspaper, then the children would think that mother was the person in the home who really mattered.

To which the answer of any sane person would once more be "Bosh!" For these women teachers who, at Southend, were so anxious to assert their sex "rights" and import into the schoolroom some of the atmosphere of the home, seem to be strangely innocent of any adequate idea of what that atmosphere is.

No time for it

IN hundreds of thousands of little homes, homes from which their pupils come, it is an atmosphere of give and take, without any hysterical jealousy and talk of "rights"—an atmosphere in which children grow up with the sane idea that cheerful and willing co-operation is a normal and not an abnormal method of living.

A busy world, crying out for efficiency, has no time for violent sex prejudice. It wants its work done in the best way by the best persons for the jobs.

It is pure nonsense to say, as one delegate declared, that "we are putting a premium on inefficiency because we are taking sex as the chief factor," and that "some local authorities would rather have the most colourless man as head than a Solomon of a woman."

If a "Solomon of a woman" ever appeared—and they are as few and far between as male Solomons—she would have no difficulty, even in this wicked world of men, in finding ample scope for the exercise of her wisdom. Men may be silly—but they are not quite so silly as that.

The women teachers who complained about the sex bias in arithmetic books did not, it may be noticed, suggest that certain parts of history books might be re-written to give men a fair deal.

No woman got up on her feet to urge that children might now be taught, as the result of recent historical research, that Queen Victoria was not quite the paragon of wisdom she was represented to be and that in her early days she depended far more upon the Prince Consort than used to be supposed. Also that, far from being an amiable nonentity, that prince was a very able and thorough organiser and was a man of ideas.

Nor did any one of the Southend delegates suggest that there was another side to the picture usually drawn of the "Virgin" Queen, and that a true account of Queen Elizabeth would show how very much the glamour that surrounds her reign was due to the abilities of the extremely able statesman who guided her footsteps and humoured her in her tantrums.

Much of what these women teachers said may sound funny, but there was a good deal of bitterness underlying it all. It is an attitude of mind that bodes no good for the future of education. There is too much solid work to be done to waste time on sex warfare.

Perhaps the all-too-sex-conscious teacher would prefer to put it on the blackboard like this!

To complain that most mixed schools are presided over by men is no more logical than for men to retort—which is a fact—that practically all girls' schools are staffed by spinsters.

Indeed, there are not wanting plenty of educational critics who are prepared to argue that this is not the best of all possible arrangements. "Sex equality" is a double-edged weapon, and those who use it are wise to be cautious.

We wonder if it has ever occurred to these fiery schoolmarm advocates of sex equality that the real responsibility for this unsatisfactory world rests on the shoulders of Providence and not on those of wicked man? For argue as they will, they can never evade the fact that men are men and women are women—so much so that Mr. Havelock Ellis once said: "A man is a man to his very thumbs, and a woman is a woman down to her little toes."

The thorny subject of the regulation that requires a woman teacher to resign her post on marriage has more semblance of genuine grievance about it, though even here we confess ourselves very much on the side of the solitary heroine who, at the conference, raised her hand against a resolution condemning it.

Toll of marriage

FOR it is not true that local authorities have availed themselves of their power to make this provision out of any motives of crude sex antagonism. They have done it through motives of educational efficiency.

Marriage implies parenthood, and a young married woman is not likely, for a number of years, to be able to give the regular services required by such a profession as teaching. If the women teachers had confined themselves to urging that such a rule should be made more elastic so as to provide for exceptional people—as all rules should do—they would have been on safer ground and pleaded to more sympathetic ears.

But what the National Union of Women Teachers is really up against is a problem that is not peculiar either to them or their particular profession. They are facing a problem that is as old as civilised humanity, the problem of how women can ever find marriage compatible with a professional career.

Dame Nature sits tight

WE are not trying to stress the superiority of men by saying all this. We are not blind to the fact that women are increasingly and successfully invading spheres that have hitherto been thought to be out of their reach. But we are stressing the fact that it is up to the women who are capable of doing it to do it. No one, so far as we know, wants to put any obstacles in their way.

No one stopped Miss Amy Johnson flying to Australia any more than anyone prevented Miss Margaret Bondfield becoming a Cabinet Minister; but that is no reason for arguing either the superiority of men or the inferiority of women.

Nor is it any reason for assuming that men are jealous, or filled with sex prejudice, or instinctively antagonistic to any sort of ability that happens to assume a feminine guise.

We are afraid that until Nature herself alters the composition of the human race, such deliberations as took place at Southend will remain what they were—the veriest hot air.

All About the Causes that have Brought— FOOTBALL

DO YOU KNOW —

WHY the public is staying away from football?

WHY are some clubs facing disaster?

WHY are certain "gates" down thousands of pounds?

WHY *Aston Villa* is in clover?

WHY directors ruin their teams?

WHY high-priced stars fail?

This powerful article answers these and other questions that all followers of the great game are asking

King Football makes a desperate effort, but the golden sphere eludes those clutching fingers

FOOTBALL, like the rest of the world, has struck an economic blizzard, and the most experienced and wisest of experts are hard put to it to guess the outcome.

The present season has already brought disaster to many professional Soccer clubs with an historic past. Wigan has gone out of existence altogether. Rochdale, Manchester United, Walsall, to mention only a few, are threatened with financial shipwreck.

Many Third Division teams, the seed-beds of the game, are on the verge of bankruptcy. Even the richest clubs in the First and Second Divisions, clubs whose names are household words, have been hit severely, and are seriously concerned about their future.

A team like Huddersfield Town, with a marvellous Cup and League record, in these difficult times seldom draws a gate, on its home ground, which will cover expenses. After an undefeated run at the opening of the season, Huddersfield could only pull a crowd of about 12,000 where normally it would draw 20,000.

Idle turnstiles

Blackburn Rovers' takings have dropped £400 to £500 a match. Oldham is in the same position, and has lost as much as £1,000 in three matches. Burnley and Bury and Sheffield Wednesday are also faced with gates which are rapidly dwindling. Half-way through the present season Derby County's receipts were down £3,483, as compared with last half-season.

In Scotland, too, the birthplace of Soccer, where it counts its most fanatic adherents, the position is no better than that facing the majority of the teams in the Northern and Third Divisions of English football.

Around Glasgow, the capital of the football world, several clubs have published appeals for greater public support, in the absence of which they will have to accept offers for transfers of some of their best players.

A few have even gone to the extent of stating that they would be compelled to discontinue altogether.

Ayrshire and Dumbartonshire clubs are particularly affected, and across the country a famous club like Leith has lately been the subject of the gloomiest forebodings.

Wales, too, is suffering. Cardiff City, English Cup winners of recent years, have been in open conflict with their followers, much to their financial disadvantage, and quite recently one of the pioneer clubs in North Wales, established over fifty years ago, passed out under the auctioneer's hammer.

Finally, Manchester United, one of the oldest clubs in the country, was a few weeks ago refused all further credit by the banks.

Desperate rescues

The players would have been without wages had not a wealthy Manchester clothing manufacturer, Mr. J. W. Gibson, come to the rescue. He is now the self-appointed dictator of the club, and has taken financial control for a limited period. But even he has now said that he cannot shoulder the burden longer, unless public interest increases.

Stated plainly, that is the position with most of the clubs throughout the country. With only a few exceptions, revenues are going to be barely sufficient to pay wages until the end of the season —and then what will happen in the summer?

Where is the money for ground maintenance to come from, for loan interest, and for new blood among the players?

On every hand, dozens of opinions have been advanced of the causes of the present crisis. Armchair experts, club directors, football legislators have all voiced their ideas in the Press and at the post-mortems which have followed each fresh disaster.

Why bother?

Almost everybody, in fact, *except* the Football Association, in whose hands rests the future of the game, but who have sat serene above the conflict, saying nothing, doing nothing.

The wildest proposals have been advanced for the salvation of the game. One recent suggestion was to save the fortunes of a few individual teams by sending them to France to form the nucleus there of a powerful French game.

In other words, the identity of these famous teams is to be saved at the price of weakening England's football strength, and making France's stronger.

Another proposal which has been circularised to all clubs is to cut the playing season into two parts, from August to January and from February to the end of May, encroaching still further on the cricket season.

Sir Samuel Hill-Wood, the chairman of the Arsenal Club, made a just comment on this scheme. He said, "You might as well say now that there should be no cricket in June, because it is a rainy month."

From all these cries and counter cries of the experts, and from all this desperate searching after remedies which are worse than the disease, the mere lover of the game might be forgiven for believing that the situation and its causes are too desperate and obscure for remedy.

But that is not so. The trouble and its cure is clear, and it can be summarised very simply. In a nutshell—the public is staying away because, in the great majority of cases, it is not getting the game it wants. Football is ceasing to be a game and is becoming a matter of high finance.

And because of that, the game is open to all the vicissitudes which affect any other trade concerns. Based on high finance it suffers when high finance goes groggy.

Supporters of a team, nowadays, get as much fun out of watching the list of shares of their local club, and the movement of the prices, as they previously did in watching their chosen eleven in action against their opponents.

It is not the players who are to be blamed—at least, not directly. The root cause lies in the directors of the various clubs and the commercialism which has been steadily invading the game for the past few years.

To guide a team and keep it on the path of prosperity and success requires more than a mere love of the game, a purse full enough to secure an interest in the team, and a seat on the board.

Must have brains

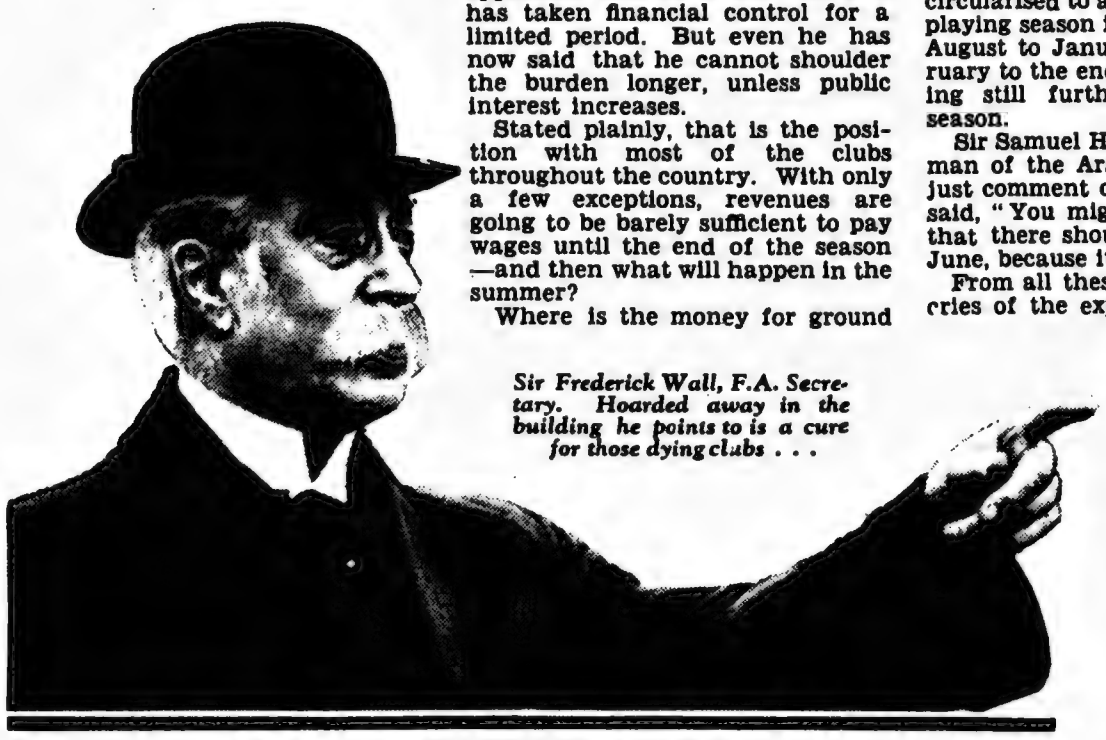
Such a sensitive entity as a professional football team requires very special qualities of tact and understanding leadership, and an encyclopædic knowledge of the game and the capacities of players.

It is true that a board of directors can buy the knowledge which they have not got. They can instal a pilot in the shape of a manager for their team, who is in most cases an old professional player of great experience and knowledge.

But, in many instances, if the circumstances of the decay of well-known teams are thoroughly examined, it will be seen that the directors have thrown the pilot overboard.

Suddenly one finds that a team loses a succession of home matches. Its supporters begin to melt away quicker than directors can count them.

In too many cases the men who pack the directors' stand have been responsible for this. The manager's selection has been amended to satisfy private opinions and antipathies on the board.



Sir Frederick Wall, F.A. Secretary. Hoarded away in the building he points to is a cure for those dying clubs . . .

Up Against It!

Disgruntlement and apathy among the players do the rest. It is easy for *them* to argue that a bonus lost at a home match can be made up in an away match with more fun in the making.

That is where tact and psychological understanding comes in among the directors. And any amount of money made out of frying fish or laying bricks will not make up for the deficiency.

Stars for sale

High-priced players by themselves alone will not save the day for a team. It is the direction which counts, or, better still, knowing when *not* to direct. There has been too much interference on the field by the board room instead of allowing the manager to carry out the duties for which he is engaged.

In the mad rush for stars and in their subsequent handling, commercial knowledge has outweighed human knowledge and football craft.

And now a lot of clubs are being broken on this wheel.

One or two clubs, like Derby County, for instance, are meditating selling a few of their stars to keep alive at all, but in the present situation, with most of the teams in the same boat, they have a poor chance of getting their money back.

Taking in each other's washing —or "wash-outs"—will not help.

It all comes back to football, to the game as a game, and real football knowledge.

Teams like Aston Villa, for instance, with a board composed almost exclusively of old players, are in an unassailable position.

Give them a fight

The Arsenal, with stalwarts like Sir Samuel Hill-Wood, who have business acumen and yet are steeped in the game, prove it further. They have done it so well that last year Arsenal made a profit of £30,000, a record so high that shareholders are grumbling that their dividend is limited to 7½ per cent.

Their record demolishes the vague excuse of faint-heart football legislators who will not face the issue, and who declare that unemployment and the industrial slump is the cause of the drop in gate receipts.

Successful clubs provide a show for their supporters, and there is no form of entertainment like football at its best for giving value for money.

Give the public a good game and they will come in thousands. Nothing will stop them. But when it is not given they will stay away, and if they stay away long enough the game, as a public spectacle, will languish and die.

In the worst Christmas since the war—as far as the public's purse is concerned—an average of 30,000 people attended the First Division matches on Boxing Day. For those interested, it can be pointed out that every thousand through the gate means roughly £60 in the till of the club. Each of these teams, therefore, took about £1,800 on Boxing Day. And there were eleven First Division matches played that day.

Even a Third Division team like Fulham, who yet give good entertainment, played to 90,000 people in three matches.

Those figures are enough to give the lie to those who say that football is dying as a public attraction.

It is not. But it is moribund as an organised game, and the fault rests too often with the organisers —with directors and officials whose well-meaning incompetence, or whose blank inertia, is selling the pass.

But although this is not necessarily the cause it is tragic to see such a famous team as Rochdale reduced to such a pitch as that a little while ago, when Miss Gracie Fields, the actress, volunteered by wire to pay the travelling expenses of the team for an away fixture. And if such outside support had not arrived, they could not have met their opponents.

Or again, to see teams like Wigan, their ground sold as greyhound tracks, their stands broken up for the scrap, and their players scattered.

Yet by a strange irony, although Wigan has gone out of existence, it was still, up to a few months ago, on the lists of the Football League, and was due to take part in the Football Association Challenge Cup Competition.

On a gold heap

That fact brings us to the true tragedy of the position facing football to-day, and it points a way out.

The rulers of the game, the panjandrums of the Football League, and particularly the Football Association, to whom football should look for encouragement, show far too little interest in their duties.

It can be said, without exaggeration, that the Football Association does very little beyond sitting tight on its steadily mounting pile of gold.

Up to the present the Football Association has accumulated over £100,000 surplus profits. Every penny has come to them from clubs, many of whom are now facing disaster for lack of funds.

A few hundreds only would have saved Wigan, Rochdale and the many others which have "gone west" or are on the way.

Benefits forgot

Yet there is no case on record where the Football Association has ever parted with a penny to clubs in need.

Every tie-match for the Cup swells the Association's pile by heavy gate percentages which many of the solvent clubs can ill afford.

Each year the amount gets bigger and bigger, yet the Football Association maintains its consistent belief that it is better to receive than to give.

This attitude takes on a strange light when it is remembered how all the clubs banded together after the war and gave generously to the Football Association to help it round a bad financial corner.

Now is the time, if ever, for a helpful return of that loyal aid.

The balance sheets of the Football Association are marvels of revealing obscurity.

Beyond a few modest outgoings like the purchase of a trophy or £100 or so towards an association

Life-blood of a vast business —but the stream is growing sluggish

fostering minor football, the chief items shown are things like £3,000 spent on expenses of members attending meetings.

It is time definitely that the Football Association took up the task which is its reason for existence—to encourage the game of football. With its brother organisation, the Football League, it should step in and take a hand with the reorganisation which is imperative.

But first of all it must release some of these streams of frozen cash which it possesses to help those teams which are desperately in need.

A hand out, now!

The Association could make a good beginning with the £10,000 windfall they will receive from the England-Scotland match at Wembley next April.

It would be a noble, if belated, gesture if it handed this sum over to those sinking clubs who without its help will not live through the summer.

The apathy of the Association is largely responsible for the present position. Its own prosperity and existence is bound up with what emerges. And in its immediate action lies the only hope of a complete and lasting cure.

A picture of health ...what about you?

WHATEVER your interests, social or business, you can't get the most out of life unless you are fit.

Therefore don't handicap yourself with an inadequate breakfast. A hot dish of Quaker Oats is the finest start to an active day. Rich in health promoting elements, Quaker Oats gives not only greater energy, but is also your best health assurance.

Quaker Oats is milled from the world's finest oats, grown and ripened under sunny skies, then roasted by a special process which gives to Quaker that delicious creamy flavour that no other oat has ever been able to imitate.

Quick Quaker is ready in 3 or 4 minutes . . . less time than it takes to make the morning cup of tea.

Quick Quaker

Two kinds—Quaker Oats and Quick *Quaker*

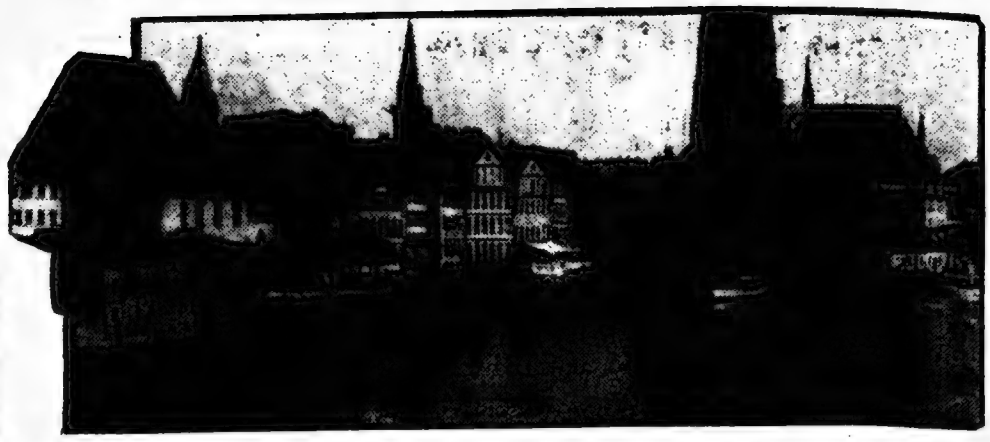
THE EMPIRE'S BREAKFAST

MADE IN CANADA

Q93

by

George Edinger



Europe's banking capital. The old imperial free city of Frankfurt

The CITY of RUINED BANKERS

WE sat far into the night over a bottle of Rhine wine, the Frankfurt banker and I, in a very simple and beautiful room on the Taunus Anlage, the garden suburb which marks the site of the city walls.

I said, "It's not all up with Germany when one can drink wine like this?"

"So. It is interesting you should say that—perhaps you would like to know how I got this wine. The proprietor of the vineyards owes us, well, never mind what he owes us—and the only security he could give was so many dozen of 1922 Hock. I bought it cheap off the board of directors."

"This new Nationalism doesn't help Frankfurt much?"

"Nationalism ruins Frankfurt."

He was right there. The old Free City that nestles in the shadow of its red sandstone spires on the shores of the Main has for five hundred years been the most international place in Europe.

FRANKFURT'S old banking families have given the world statesmen and economists; proconsuls and politicians. Their names are European: Rothschild, Lazard, Speyer, Ellison, Dreyfus, Bethmann and Cornelius. They are cropping up in every honours list the whole world over; they have died in every army and under every flag.

In the course of centuries they made banking a fine art, carefully tending their deposits, cultivating their foreign connections till a perfect web of international interdependence was spun; and, above all, avoiding anything that savoured of speculation or even enterprise, the Frankfurt bankers from 1814 to 1914 built up great fortunes for their clients and themselves.

They were scrupulous followers of the Rothschild tradition. They played for safety. The administration fees on their deposits more than covered the upkeep of their buildings and staffs.

Before the war the principal Frankfurt bankers never bothered to enter the Bourse, and some of them even found the telephone superfluous. So they waxed prosperous, and Frankfurt grew prosperous along with them.

No city of its size is so well equipped with art galleries, theatres, cafés, kinemas, gardens, villas and workers' dwellings. Nowhere is the civic sense so well developed.

Then came the war, the fall of the mark and inflation; and the bank deposits upon which Frankfurt had founded her prosperity were gone overnight. And now the economic crisis has shattered the efforts of her bankers to re-establish those foreign connections which were her peculiar genius.

THE Frankfurt bankers used to make a point of having feelers all over Europe and the United States. But the "Standstill" agreement has left them with nothing to do—and they can no longer live on their administration fees since their deposits have become worthless.

One of them told me that for six months he has had no contract with Britain or the United States. Nobody wants to buy stock when stocks are worthless—no one will borrow money because there is none to lend and no banking house can realise its debts.

"We lived by our foreign banking," a Frankfurt merchant banker said to me, "and now we are not allowed to buy foreign currency. I was once a good cosmopolitan, but now you are the first foreigner I have met for months. As you have possibly observed (I hadn't), my English is not what it should be—nor is my fortune."

The city of Frankfurt—it has about half a million inhabitants—has naturally shared the ruin of its banking houses.

The home of the Rothschild family in the Jewry, Frankfurt

"Not easy for our clients or ourselves," the head of a private banking concern told me. "I just had to tell a friend of twenty years' standing that we must sell his securities."

"What did he say?"

"He said: 'If you do I shall shoot myself.' And I know it is true. If I try to save my bank I shall be responsible for the death of a very honourable man."

Just as Frankfurters are so interdependent, they have been working together to alleviate the common distress. In the home of a well-to-do Jewish family I found sixty unemployed men and women sitting at table. The family give these sixty unemployed one square meal every day, and there are many others who, as far as they can, follow their example.

Frankfurt has also just set up a neighbours' relief association in every district. Everyone contributes as much as they can, and a meal is provided for the unemployed in the neighbourhood at a penny a head. Three times a week they get meat and potatoes; on other days a broth is served. It is a very good broth.

At the kitchen I visited in a working-class district over seven hundred are fed every day. The cooks and waitresses and pay clerks all give their services free and are on the best of terms with those who line up to receive their food ration or sit down to eat it.

As it is a "neighbours' relief association," everybody knows everybody else, and there is an absence of constraint and formality that is very cheering to see.

Of course, some of those who serve are members of Frankfurt's great banking and merchant families, but most of them, I discovered, were themselves unemployed working men and women.

RECIPIENTS are also drawn from every class, not more than half of them manual workers. Cashiers and clerks from the banks, shopkeepers, University students, the wives and daughters of professional men, even retired officers of the Imperial Army, are among those who lined up patiently for their midday ration.

As they filed past the big field kitchens, now devoted to relief work, it was surprising to see how well dressed most of them were.

The way in which the German keeps up a smart appearance even when he is confronted with starvation is the most astonishing and deceptive thing in contemporary Germany.

There is no visible sign of distress, even where it is most rampant. A passing visitor would say that nothing was wrong, but the longer one stays the greater grows one's feeling of tension and all-pervading sense of misery.

A few words with these neatly clad Frankfurters revealed the true state of things. One, formerly a well-to-do shopkeeper, told me that for the past six months a single candle has been all the light the family could afford. From another I learnt that her husband had been a wealthy banker who shot himself because of the crisis, leaving her completely destitute.

THERE is scarcely a family in Frankfurt that does not do its share in the neighbours' relief association of its district, and Frankfurt families were, not so long ago, proverbial for their great wealth.

But to-day Frankfurt, which once subscribed so generously to every relief fund in Europe, is asking itself one question:

Will the city of bankers be able to keep its own unemployed from starvation for very much longer?

"WAIT FOR IT!"—TILL JANUARY 28

MAKE SURE THAT YOUR SLEEP IS SOUND

if you want to keep energetic

TIME to get up! Yet you're *still* tired, loth to start the new day — even after 7 or 8 hours in bed.

Scientists say this is because you're not getting your proper share of restful sleep. For they have proved that it is *sound* sleep that counts rather than long sleep.

Yet statistics show that most people — actually 70 out of every 100 — suffer from lack of restful sleep.

BRINGS SOUND, REFRESHING SLEEP

A hot cupful of Horlick's Malted Milk at bedtime is an easy way to induce sound sleep. Its warmth and generous nourishment soothe and satisfy your whole system, giving your digestive organs a little light work to do. Soon you grow sleepy, and before long fall fast asleep.

Try taking Horlick's to-night. Not only will it help you to sleep but the rich nourishment it contains is just what you need to keep you fit and energetic.

★ *Chemists and grocers everywhere have Horlick's in sealed glass bottles in four sizes. Also the handy Horlick's Mixer, small size, 6d., large size, 1/-. Horlick's Malted Milk Co. Ltd., Slough, Bucks.*

MISS BETTY LERMITTE takes part in numerous motor bicycle trials. She writes: — "The nervous strain of competing in trials is terrific. Motor cycle riding for days on end, is exhausting work. Horlick's is my great standby, I take it the moment I get back and it bucks me up in a marvellous way. Also since I started taking Horlick's regularly I have slept much better."

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Plain or Chocolate Flavoured

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"My daughter's COUGH RELIEVED after 2 DOSES"

—*J. L. (Clapham)*

Thousands of people up and down the country write to tell how Famel Syrup cures coughs, colds, catarrh, bronchial trouble—Case after case of the stubbornest kind where Famel Syrup is instantly effective. The reason is that Famel works by Nature's method: *it allows the blood stream to absorb the greatest of all curative agents, which before could only be inhaled.* It is simply wonderful for children. Get a bottle (3/-) from your Chemist. Read these extracts:

"Thank you for the Famel Syrup. My daughter's cough was relieved after 2 doses."—J. L. (Clapham).

Child's Bronchitis.

"Up to now my child aged 9 has spent most of her winters in her bedroom with bronchitis. I have never found anything to do her so much good as Famel Syrup, and shall certainly continue to use it."—C. M. (Nr. Kettering).

"I have tried many things, but nothing to ease my little lad of six as your Famel Syrup has done. He has suffered from bronchitis since a baby, but has greatly improved since taking Famel Syrup."—M. B. (Nr. Coventry).

Lasting Relief.

"I write in great praise of Famel Syrup. It is the only one of all the mixtures we have tried that has given any lasting relief."—C. J. (Carlisle).

Famel Syrup the only thing.

"I was with a lady this week and she told me Famel Syrup has been the only thing to relieve her daughter's cough. I myself take it for catarrh and find great benefit from it."—Nurse (Hants).

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I enclose 4d. in stamps. Please send me large sample bottle of FAMEL SYRUP.

Name .....
BLOCK LETTERS, PLEASE

Address .....

THEY smiled then: The six men on the first day of their arrival in Venezuela with two resident friends

STRANDED BRITONS —A Cruel Desertion

FOR sixteen weeks past two skilled British workmen have been stranded and facing starvation in Venezuela, South America.

Their terrible and desperate plight can be attributed to the negligence and blundering of one of our Government departments.

Yet the authorities in London have only just condescended—following representations by Captain Harvie Watt, M.P. for Keighley—to make arrangements to bring them back to their families in this country.

The story affords yet another glaring instance of how Englishmen can be insulted and humiliated abroad.

The two suffering men are the derelicts of a party of six, all belonging to Keighley, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, who have been shamefully exploited by unscrupulous foreign employers.

Last autumn the Ministry of Labour in Britain was approached by a firm named Otto Delfino and Co., in Venezuela, which, only a few months previously, had commenced business as iron-founders in Caracas, the capital of the country.

This firm until then had been dependent upon native and negro labour, and, to speed up production, they asked the Ministry to provide them with six first-class British pattern moulders.

Nowhere can better workmen in this trade be found than at Keighley, and the employment exchanges in that district prepared a long list of names of men considered suitable for the vacancies.

Glowing promise

After extensive enquiries regarding the character and capabilities of all these men, the list was finally reduced to the six with the best records, and the posts were offered to them.

Each of them willingly accepted. All were married with families, and their ages ranged from twenty-five to forty-five.

The terms were a wage of £6 5s. weekly and an engagement for twelve months, after which, following three months' notice on either side, the firm would provide free passages for any or all of the men to England.

The six men signed contracts to this effect, and were informed that they would receive duplicates of the agreements signed by their new employers when they reached South America.

They are just ordinary, honest working-class Yorkshiremen with no legal knowledge, and they accepted everything told to them in good faith. Their interests, they believed, must have been safeguarded by the Ministry of Labour before that Department offered them work in a foreign country.

Impossible demands

In this they were soon to be brutally undeceived.

Leaving England together, the six men arrived in Venezuela at the end of last September.

They worked one day only.

Great was their surprise when, on presenting themselves at Delfino's foundry, they found that they were not required to perform specialised work of the kind in which they were skilled and experienced.

All they were asked to do was ordinary labourers' work similar to that of the negroes in the foundry.

Surprise became astonishment when they were next told the amount of daily output expected from them. They informed the native manager that it was impossible and would represent more than twice the output of the fastest and most expert workers in the best-equipped British ironworks.

But surprise and astonishment turned to sheer dismay when they observed the methods of the foundry and saw the poor and inadequate appliances with which it was fitted.

The plant was so defective and unsuitable that at the end of the first day the six Englishmen found that most of the castings they had made were faulty, and, in a British foundry, would have been regarded as waste.

They pointed out these facts to the native manager, who thereupon produced an extraordinary document for their signatures. This was a declaration that they were not "fit and proper persons" for the work allocated to them.

When the six men arrived at the foundry on the second morning they were refused admission. The manager told them that their services were no longer required because they had signed a statement to the effect that they were incompetent!

They protested that this was absurd because before being engaged the fullest enquiries had been made as to their skill, and they had signed the document only as an indication that they considered their craftsmanship worthier of a better class of work.

Then the truth emerged. It was that on the first day the black labourers had threatened to cause trouble if the six white men continued to be employed alongside them at a higher rate of wages. And the management preferred to get rid of the Englishmen rather than risk a strike of the cheaper negroes.

Into the street

When they realised that they had been so callously tricked, the six Yorkshiremen demanded financial compensation and the immediate provision of passages home under the terms of their contracts.

They were laughed at. There were no contracts, they were told, and the agreements they had signed in England were worthless because they had not been countersigned by the firm.

So the six men chosen by the British Ministry of Labour were turned adrift into the streets of Caracas.

The small amount of money they possessed between them was exhausted in a few days, and they became completely stranded and destitute.

Appeals to the British Consul were useless because the fund he held for the relief of distressed British subjects had only threepence halfpenny to its credit.

To obtain money the six men sold their little personal possessions, their watches, spare clothing and boots.

Then they became wholly dependent on the charity of natives. Meanwhile their families in Yorkshire were also becoming destitute.

Two of the starving men were offered labouring work at Delfino's provided they forfeited all the rights in their contracts. They sank their pride and took it until such time as they could save enough money to return home.

After three months' terrible suffering and privation two more were able to leave with money borrowed from friends and relatives, and they have now arrived back in Keighley bearing manifest traces of their frightful experiences.

Desperate appeal

The two others—Thomas Thompson and Herbert Cann—are still in Venezuela, broken and penniless and existing solely on food supplied by natives.

A letter received from one of them this week, addressed to his mother, wife and children, is a terrible document portending early tragedy if he is not speedily rescued.

This is atrocious, when we consider that it was a Government Department which was primarily responsible for these men being sent to South America under false pretences and without the precaution having been taken of ensuring that their contracts had been properly signed.

The Foreign Office has now informed Captain Harvie Watt, M.P., that Thompson and Cann will be brought back at Government expense as soon as a boat is available.

But as our Consul in Caracas cabled the facts to the Foreign Office promptly, it is difficult to understand why there should have been any delay at all.

The whole scandal must be very closely investigated.

THE BIG SECRET IS OUT— ON JANUARY 28

Your Last Chance

JOHN BULL'S Great Gift to its readers which has proved to be such a phenomenal success, definitely closes on January 31. Those who wish to take advantage of it should be quick to cash the coupons which they will find on page 31. There is no time to lose.

No Need to be BALD, GREY—or Thinly Thatched—*Simply Post the Form Below*

"I would have lost my hair completely."
Bald patches covered.
"My hair was thin scraggy and Now it is becoming stronger every day."
I was bald all over my head. My hair has been fully restored."

These and the photographs below show the splendid results of using Mr. Frederick Godfrey's Preparation, a FREE Supply of which is to be sent to every Reader who applies on the Form at foot of this page.

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to JOHN BULL Readers

NO more generous offer can ever have been made to those whose Hair is deficient in quantity, colour or quality than that announced here by Mr. Frederick Godfrey, the most widely known Hair Specialist in the world to-day. Not only is he ready to send a Free Trial Bottle of his famous RADIO-ACTIVE HAIR TONIC, specially prepared in Matlock Bath, the home of the thermal springs, but he promises in addition to send a copy of his famous Book on Hair Growth and Maintenance, and a Personal Letter of Advice on each applicant's personal Hair Troubles.

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All whose hair is **failing, going grey, losing lustre,** or is **in any way weak or deficient,** should seize this opportunity of testing the wonderful preparation which has played so important a part in accomplishing such marvellous improvement for those who have already put it to the test.

Mr. Frederick Godfrey, as mentioned, will also give free of charge or obligation his expert advice upon any hair trouble from which you may be suffering. The form below when completed is all he requires for his guidance, and immediately upon receipt of same, with the necessary stamps for postage and packing, your Special Free Trial Supply will be forwarded together with the illustrated booklet and letter of advice. This is Mr. Godfrey's unique offer for 1932. Accept it to-day and ensure Healthy and Beautiful hair permanently.

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"Everybody is admiring my good head of hair."

"The bald patch at the back of my head is completely covered. The hair came on by leaps and bounds."

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New hair has quite covered the bald patches on top and back of head.—Miss E. S.

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My Hair Ailment is .....

If a Tube of the famous Godfrey Follex Shampoo is also required, please enclose extra 3d. stamps. (6d. in all) and make a cross in this square. ☐

John Bull, 16-1-1932

DOCTORS ADVISE ... ORANGE JUICE

Golden Shred . . . is orange juice and sugar

That's why— your child's Bread needs

'Golden' Shred

ROBERTSON—only maker

NEW TREATMENT KILLS STOMACH PAINS

AT last the whole medical profession is agreed on one subject. All over the country, in the clinics and all the leading hospitals, they are using what is known as the Maclean formula. It is curing all sorts of stomach troubles, even serious cases such as Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers, and now you can get the original Maclean Brand Stomach Powder at any chemist ready packed for your own use. Now if you suffer from acid stomach, wind, flatulence or pains after eating, you can get just the same relief as if you went to a great hospital.

Do not lose any time, try it to-day.

But be sure you get the genuine article under the exact name, Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. If your chemist is out of stock, send 2/- direct to Macleans, Ltd., Park Royal London, N.W.10. Special Note: Maclean Brand Powder is not sold loose and is only obtainable in 2/- cartons. Also packed in tablet form for convenience in travelling, etc.

END THE TORTURES OF JAGGED NERVES

Nerves! The horror of them! The way they make life unbearable for the sufferer and miserable for those around! And usually they go from bad to worse.

Yet actually there is a very simple way to cure nearly all nervous troubles, a way that doctors have known and recommended for nearly fifty years. In fact, it is so simple that many people have thought it too good to be true.

It is the Wincarnis Way. Two or three glasses of Wincarnis a day will cure almost any case of nerves, for Wincarnis is the ideal nerve tonic and soother in an ideal form.

With your very first glass you will feel it doing you good, feel new peace stealing through your veins. The first night you will find your insomnia better, find you sleep more soundly and wake more refreshed. Try Wincarnis to-day. See for yourself if this delicious tonic wine is not in very deed a perfect cure for jagged nerves.

WHO Knocked You DOWN?

In the wake of the ambulance comes the solicitor's tout with glib sympathy and a cunning offer of assistance

A LAWYER

here tells of the despicable methods of the ghouls of the hospital ambulance

THERE is an imposing stone building with columns, halfway up Chancery Lane, London, on the western side. It has iron railings surmounted, for some unknown reason, by gilded lions. Passers-by occasionally look up at it, and wonder what goes on inside.

They would wonder a great deal more if they knew some of those things that are common knowledge inside the legal profession, for the building is the Law Society, the G.H.Q. of the solicitors' profession, a body that is supposed to watch over the integrity of solicitors and enforce the high code of honour that, in theory, binds the members of a profession who are gentlemen by Act of Parliament.

They are there to see that solicitors abstain from sharp practice, that they do not advertise themselves; in fact, generally that they uphold the honour of their noble profession.

And meanwhile the last few months have seen an alarming increase in shady practice all round. Costs are being run up, without justification; people are lured into bringing frivolous cases in the hope that rather than face the terrors of a suit, a defendant will give way—at least to the extent of paying the solicitors' costs.

Shock number two

Seemingly respectable firms when demanding payment of a bill due to a client threaten the debtor that unless he pays the bill plus their own fee, a writ will be issued against him, a most blatant form of blackmail, as the solicitor has no right whatever to demand such a fee from a debtor.

But it is the coming of the motor car that has provided the worst type of lawyer with his richest harvest. A client of mine who was knocked down by a car one Sunday evening in Knightsbridge was carried to St. George's Hospital. He had barely got over the shock of the collision when he was visited by one of those rat-faced little fellows who may be seen slinking round the county courts.

The visitor expressed his sympathy, he showed great interest in the case—he was quite scandalised by the carelessness of the man who drove the car. He thought my client should get heavy damages. As a matter of fact, he was quite sure, having heard all the circumstances of the case, that my friend *would* get heavy damages.

Crafty "philanthropy"

Now he was working for an "association" expressly formed to give legal assistance to poor men. He would get him those damages himself if he would entrust the case to the "association."

This "association" was the soul of generosity. It would not take a penny from my client, who happened to be a poor man. Only if the claim should succeed, it would ask him to pay two shillings for every pound he received to the "association," to pay its costs. He omitted to add that if the "claim" did not succeed my client would have to pay all the defendant's costs.

Fortunately the victim of this particular accident was a man of some intelligence and perspicacity. His suspicions were aroused by the manner of this "ambulance chaser" as we term these ghouls at the Bar; he laid the facts before his own legal adviser, and in due course they came to my chambers in the Temple.

Now I had had some experience of this kind of thing. Only a few days before I appeared on a judgment summons against a working carpenter who had been gulled by the fair promises of one of these poor men's assistance associations into bringing a claim against a perfectly considerate and innocent motorist. He lost his case and found himself faced with the appalling costs given against him.

Quite unable to pay his judgment debts, the wretched man had to sell up his home; and though at the Bar the daily sight of so many little tragedies hardens a man, the thought of the punishment that that carpenter has to face for his gullibility had caused me some uncomfortable reflections.

So it was with peculiar zest that we enquired into this benevolent association. We found that the "association" consisted of one man who had been dismissed from the service of an insurance company under decidedly suspicious circumstances and set up as a solicitor on his own account. He was not a good solicitor.

It is one of the minor tragedies of such cases that the type of solicitor who descends to taking them up is more often than not extremely incompetent. But his was one of the names on the Bar black list.

For it is a fact that the names of the lawyers who do this unsavoury kind of work are perfectly familiar in the Temple. Most barristers decline to look at a brief which bears certain names at the foot of the paper. Those who do take them up are in the habit of demanding "cheque with brief."

That gives some protection to the client, as the solicitor is then under an obligation to pay out some of his own money to the barrister or else to arouse his client's suspicions by asking him for some money to begin.

I regret, however, that there are one or two black sheep barristers who make a practice of taking speculative cases.

The purely speculative side of such actions into which poor men are inveigled is not the most criminally tragic feature. I have frequently met cases in which the solicitor did very well for himself either by establishing or compromising the claim—for the laziness and cowardice of many insurance societies who prefer to pay small sums than face the trouble and cost of an action is a considerable factor in the scandal—but I have hardly ever known a case which did not in the end leave the victim himself considerably worse off than he was at the beginning.

They smell blood

For although the solicitor says he will only take two shillings for every twenty he can procure for his client—when it comes to the point the latter finds that there have been certain expenses the solicitor had to meet which must be deducted from any sum obtained and a certain minimum fee which takes precedence of anything else and a fee for counsel, and so on, until very little is left for the client.

Typical was the case of a man knocked over by an omnibus in a provincial town, which I was called on to handle. The insurance company was anxious to settle this case and made an offer of fifty pounds and twenty pounds costs.

The solicitor for the plaintiff declined this offer, but proved quite willing to accept an all-in sum of seventy pounds!

Now although these shyster firms—as they are called in America, where the practice is much worse than over here—are not particularly competent at handling their cases, they have a genius for smelling out people knocked over in street accidents.

Speak up, sphinx!

One enterprising ghoul is said to employ runners to spy on the ambulances coming and going at the big hospitals. Their knowledge is positively uncanny, and they could hardly be better informed if ambulance drivers and hospital porters were in their pay.

The scandal is not new, but it has swollen to a terrifying size of late, and its wretched victims are steadily growing in number.

The Laws of Maintenance and Champerty are expressly drafted to obviate the thing.

The Law Society is there to watch the conduct of practising solicitors, the guilty firms are a byword in the profession. And the thing goes on.

No wonder people ask what goes on inside that imposing-looking building on the west side of Chancery Lane.

YOUR GREAT DAY—JANUARY 28

One of the Family whose *Winter fitness* means so much to you

WINTER is the time when you realise how much your dog means to you; how empty the place would seem if he were not there, asking you to shake down his bed each night. For in cold weather, when the dangers of overheating have not to be faced, dogs have greater opportunities for enjoying life, and making their friendship valuable.

The discomfort and trouble, which a dog causes when he has a minor illness in cold weather, are easily prevented. *Most dogs' winter ailments arise from impure blood*, due to loss of exercise, and, sometimes, too rich food. If you keep his blood pure by giving your dog Bob Martin's tasteless Condition Powders NOW, he will remain gloriously fit all through the winter, and repay you with the companionship and devotion which only a healthy dog can give.

Why deny your dog his WINTER FITNESS?

Since 1892 the famous Champions of the Show Ring and Field Trials have been kept in glorious condition with Bob Martin's Condition Powders, and as these Powders are tasteless and easily given you have it in your power to keep *your* dog free from unhappy ill-health. Give him Bob Martin's Condition Powders *now* and *watch* the difference which condition makes to him.

Bob Martin's Condition Powders remove every impurity from the blood and tone up the whole system, curing *and preventing* all such ailments as *Loss of Appetite, Listlessness, Loose Coat, Excessive Scratching, Eczema and Swellings between the Toes.*

There are 9 (nine) powders in the sixpenny packets and 18 in the shilling boxes—from all dog biscuit shops, chemists and big stores.

Made (since 1892) by Bob Martin Ltd., Southport, Eng.

BOB MARTIN'S *TASTELESS* **CONDITION POWDERS**

Since 1892 the World's Dog Remedy.

Sprains, Bruises

Put Sloan's on Pain for Swift Relief

No rubbing. Just apply Sloan's Liniment over the painful part. In a few moments you find it doing its work. The tingling penetrating warmth of the Liniment brings comfort, disperses congestion and inflammation, cuts short the agony which bad sprains or bruises inflict. Amazing relief! Millions have used Sloan's successfully to drive out pain. Economical in use. One bottle goes a long way.

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RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, NEURITIS, SPRAINS, ACHES, PAINS.

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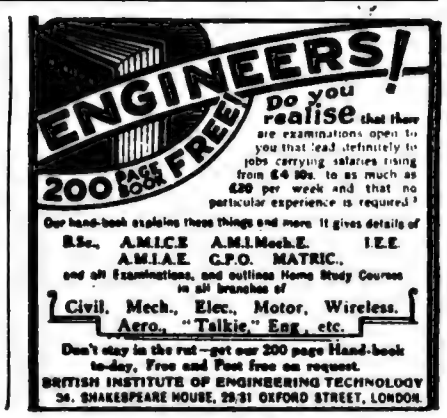
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Why Fat Still Stays

With So Many—It's a Pity

Why do so many still stay fat, when millions know the way to get slender? Excess fat, in the past few years, has been disappearing fast. Look about you, and you must realise that science has found a new way to fight fat. Note how slenderness prevails. Those happy slender people have not starved, not over-exercised, not taken harmful drugs.

Yet many stay fat, with all the blight it brings to beauty, health and vitality. Some because they think that reduction means hard work and self-denial. Medical research has discovered that a great cause of obesity lies in a certain weak gland. That gland largely controls nutrition. When it is weak, too much of our food turns to fat.

So doctors the world over now feed that gland substance to correct this condition.

Marmola prescription tablets contain this vital factor—thyroid. They are prepared by a world-famous medical laboratory to do what doctors do for excess fat. Marmola has been used for 24 years—millions of boxes of it. It has stood the test of time, because it is right, while countless false treatments have failed and disappeared.

It is not a secret remedy. The booklet contains the complete formula, also full explanation of the action and results. No one can fear it, no one can doubt it, when the facts are known.

It is prepared for the average case of excess fat where a doctor is not consulted. The directions are to take four tablets daily until weight comes down to normal. Do that. Get a box of Marmola now. Read the book. Learn what you are taking and why it acts. Don't carry that burden of excess fat when so many of the folks around you have found the easy, right way to reduce.

Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all chemists at 3/- per box or sent post paid on receipt of price by the Marmola Co. (Dept. 83H), 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. Send this coupon for our latest book, a two-day sample free, and our guarantee.

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Please forward two-day sample of Marmola, Booklet and Guarantee Form—FREE.
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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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I tried Vick brand Vapour-Rub," says Mrs. Morris. "Denzil got relief from the first application. Now Vick comes to the rescue at the first sign of a cough."

If used promptly, Vick brand Vapour-Rub almost always checks a cold before serious complications can develop.

Being used externally, it cannot upset children's stomachs, as too much "dosing" so often does.

Simple external treatment brings quick relief.

Just rubbed on the throat and chest, Vick brand Vapour-Rub has a twofold action: (1) through the skin, like a poultice; (2) vaporized by the body-warmth, its healing ingredients are breathed into the inflamed air-passages.

Most colds yield overnight to this pleasant twofold treatment.

Regular size now only 2/-, half size 1/3, at all chemists.

VICK BRAND **VAPOUR-RUB**

Checks Colds In 2 Ways at Once

BEWARE THE DANGER MONTHS for CHILDREN

COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, MEASLES, and other complaints which are so prevalent at this time of the year, tax the strength and vitality of children to such a degree that it becomes necessary to assist nature in recovering health.

Roboleine

MAKES WEAKLY CHILDREN STRONG AND HEALTHY.

The results obtained from Roboleine are described by mothers and doctors as marvellous. Children who are mere skin and bone instantly start to gain weight after a few doses. Lost appetites return, digestive troubles disappear, good red blood is made, firm flesh formed, and the improvement maintained until complete health is restored.

RECOMMENDED BY DOCTORS FOR 25 YEARS.

12-DOSE SAMPLE.
ROBOLEINE, Handforth Laboratories, Clapham Road, London, S.W.9.
Please send me a 12-dose sample. I enclose 3d. for posting and packing.

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A REAL LIFE STORY

The PICTURE IN THE Eyes

"It is impossible for me to go on living with this picture constantly before me"

THE scene that robbed Arcier of happiness lingered on before his eyes, tormentingly ever-present. Ere madness stepped in, sympathy tore aside that vile picture . . .

by

Maurice Reynard

BEFORE opening the door, Fagus paused an instant, dreaming. He knew that an important person was waiting in the outer room, Robert Arcier, the copper king.

Fagus had not yet become a celebrity. His name was not yet known to the blind of five continents. He was a distinguished oculist certainly, but, although many of his colleagues recognised his ability, others spoke of him contemptuously, as one who dabbled in psychology.

Fagus opened the door. The millionaire was between thirty and forty; well bred, almost distinguished. Fagus noticed at once his expression of depression, his skin like white wax, the lines in his face, and recalled that Arcier had inherited his wealth. His father had won success by the sweat of his brow. Robert Arcier had nothing of the fighting type.

Confession

BUT the oculist's attention was, of course, at once drawn to his eyes. . . . Such eyes! . . . They were opened unusually wide in a fixed stare which made one think of some nocturnal bird, or—more horrible still—of glass eyes. A perpetual horror dwelt in them.

Arcier's first words were a confession and a prayer.

"My last hope is in you! Save me!"

His arms were half-extended, palms outspread.

"It is like this," he continued with a great effort. "In my eyes—in the depth of my eyes—is an indelible picture. . . . A fixed scene like that impressed on the retina after staring at the sun."

"*Scotoma*," said Fagus.

"That's it. Like that which can sometimes be seen in the eyes of a murdered person, and in those that have met with a violent death, and whose retina retains the impression of what their last glance revealed."

Fagus did not flicker an eyelash.

"You don't think it funny," said the millionaire.

"No," replied Fagus quietly.

"Ah!" exclaimed Arcier, his tense expression relaxing, "if you only knew how many specialists have refused to believe me. And worse—none have been able to distinguish anything in my eyes! Tell me the truth, doctor! It is impossible for me to go on living with this picture constantly before me."

"Since when has this spot been in your eyes?" asked Fagus.

"Spot! It is not a spot! It is a *picture*—a vivid scene—a snapshot. . . . Whenever I look at something or somebody—anything—always this scene blurs the object or person I wish to see."

"How long have you experienced this?" Fagus asked.

"For months! And sometimes I think I shall never forget it! I was on the point of doing away with myself when your name was mentioned; I put if off until after I had seen you."

"This picture, what is it like?" asked Fagus.

Arcier evaded a direct answer. "It is a life-like reproduction of a scene—a scene that appalled me. When I saw it originally it shattered my whole happiness in a flash—just the time necessary for me to pull aside a curtain. I fell fainting from grief and horror. . . ."

As Arcier temporised thus, Fagus studied him closely. His was the sensual face of one prone to give way to impulses and emotions, to be swayed by jealousy. It was clear that he had suffered great mental stress.

Betrayal

STILL the gaze of the specialist was concentrated on the slightly bloodshot eyes. Unusually hard and dry-looking, they were held open, unblinking and rigid, as though by invisible support. While speaking the copper king hesitated, his glance wavered.

"I do not care to describe the scene to you," he said at length. "You should be able to see it for yourself. If not, what is the use of my telling you?"

"Very well," replied Fagus. "I will make the examination. But I warn you that even if I can trace it, the scene will appear reversed and microscopic. Also, your distrust wounds me."

"Forgive me!" implored the millionaire. "If you only knew! It involves one I once trusted—once loved!"

"Please follow me," said Fagus simply.

The Vision

THE dark room they entered was lighted by an electric lamp provided with a reflector. A concave lens concentrated all the rays, and through the minute hole in the centre the oculist scrutinised the eyes thus flooded with light.

A long pause. A silence where only light and shadow reigned.

"Can you see anything?" asked the patient.

There was no answer. Unhurriedly the oculist continued the examination. At last he rose, and began to walk up and down.

"Nothing?" Arcier repeated.

Still silent, Fagus substituted a red electric bulb for the white one, and proceeded with the examination.

"I see something," said Fagus quietly, and, ignoring a smothered gasp from Arcier, continued:

"I see the drapery of a curtain half-drawn aside on a brilliantly lighted space—I see also——"

But Arcier did not allow him to finish.

"Enough! Please don't go on." In a hoarse voice he added: "You and I—*she* and that other man—are the only ones who know of this horror!

(*Continued on page 30*)

JOHN BULL'S CONCERT,
SUNDAY, JAN. 17th, 1932

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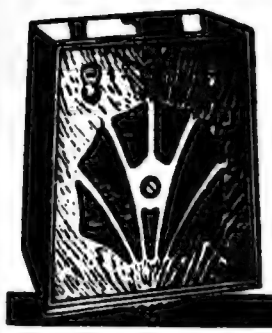
LISTEN carefully to the Columbia record programme. Note how perfectly the music is heard FREE FROM ALL SCRATCH—as natural as if the artistes were in your own room. Note, too, the Famous Artistes. All these features are Exclusive to Columbia . . . And you can get the records from your own local dealer.



IF you cannot get Radio Paris on your Wireless set, ask for a local Demonstration of the Columbia Model 351 (£5), or other Models up to 29 Gns. Ask us to arrange it for you. COLUMBIA, 98-108, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

Columbia

Cherry Blossom Boot Polish Hystericals No. 4. Henry II., A.D. 1154-1189

The first Jury returns a unanimous verdict.

It was during Henry's reign that "Trial by Jury" was established on a definite basis by the "Constitutions of Clarendon."

Cherry Blossom Boot Polish

gives such a satisfactory shine, preserves the leather and makes shoes waterproof.

Black, White, Brown, Dark Tan and Tosette. In Tins with easy opener 2½d., 4½d. & 6d.

The Handy Pocket Tins of

PLAYER'S

DIGGER

FLAKE

are now on sale

2oz 1'4D 4oz 2'8D

P.D.6A

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

I was afraid

to wear thin silk stockings *until* . . . .

"I had become completely discouraged with a heavy growth of disgusting hair on my legs and arms. I tried depilatory creams, evil-smelling powders and painful electric treatments—even a razor. All failed to give me the results for which I longed. Then I learned that NEW VEET—containing Wenlo-White—dissolves the Keratin in the hair and thereby ends all superfluous hair troubles forever. So I purchased a package of NEW VEET and since using it, my skin is so clear and white that no one could possibly suspect I was ever afflicted with that horrible superfluous hair."

The formula and patent rights of this new discovery by a British scientist have been purchased by the manufacturers of VEET, and Wenlo-White is now contained in NEW VEET (white colour) guaranteed 100% pure.

WHEN CHEST IS TIGHT AND WHEEZY

By a Chemist.

When breathing is 'shallow' and laboured and you find it difficult to get a good filling of air into the lungs, it is obvious that germ-laden phlegm which clogs the bronchial tubes *must be dispersed*, and for this purpose I find nothing compares with honey syrup. Half a teaspoonful of 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup will instantly give amazing relief to adult or child. Containing antiseptic Pine to kill germs, Squills and Ipecac to loosen phlegm, Menthol to clear bronchial passages and Balsam of Tolu and Honey to soothe and heal soreness and inflammation, 'Pineate' Honey Syrup goes straight to the root of this distressing trouble, quickly clearing the chest and lungs and ending the irritating cough which is generally present. A bottle of 'Pineate' Honey Syrup can be obtained from any chemist for eighteen-pence, and I strongly recommend it for immediate relief.

Ryders SEEDS

One of our old customers on looking at a bed of flowers raised from one of our 2d. packets exclaimed—

"Heaven for Twopence"

RYDERS interesting Catalogue will be sent with pleasure post free to all who apply.

Almost everything from Orchids to Mustard and Cress in 2d. packets.

RYDER & SON (1920) LTD.

St. Albans

"THE PICTURE *in the* EYES"—*Continued from page 28*

A Man's Tears, *and then*—

It must disappear even if I myself must disappear also."

"What happened immediately after?" said Fagus.

"*She* ran away," replied Arcier.

"I mean—what happened to *you* after seeing this?"

"I was lying unconscious when they found me. The next day the picture was in my eyes. It has been there ever since. . . ."

The Promise

ARCIER stretched out trembling hands; his dry eyes were tragic in their agony. "Ask what you will," he continued, "but help me!"

"I will try a treatment," remarked Fagus, as though he had not heard; "I am hopeful that it will succeed."

Arcier grasped the doctor's arm, and Fagus freed himself gently.

"I believe I can cure you. You will have to come to the hospital. There I have an apparatus of my own invention, which I will fix up for your case in a special way. Come to-morrow at ten o'clock."

The next morning a young house surgeon guided the millionaire through the great building. They passed wards filled with patients. They met doctors, nurses and sisters occupied with their daily tasks.

Brought thus face to face with collective misery for the first time, Arcier experienced the rich man's astonishment and a disagreeable feeling of surprise. To be ill by the dozen—nursed by the gross—and to die in series! Arcier shivered.

The millionaire was taken into another dark room, but quite unlike the first. Arcier felt as if he were inside a gigantic photographic camera. In the centre of the opposite wall was a cylindrical recess which disappeared into the shadows.

At the doctor's request Arcier took a seat facing the orifice of the wide tube. The light was extinguished. Arcier, curious, mystified, hopeful, waited to hear a click that would reveal something at the end of the cylinder. But what? Nothing more astonishing than a disc of soft white light which radiated a luminous aura.

"What is this light?" asked Arcier.

"It must remain a secret for a little while. Try to look right into it. Let the rays bathe your eyes. Don't be tense—relax."

The unhappy man stared at the little sun on which was stamped for him the relentless picture. After about a quarter of an hour, the treatment over, Arcier was asked to return the same evening.

He came and as before was conducted to the door of the dark room. A nurse spoke to him.

"There is another patient with the doctor," she said. "You must wait a little, sir. You may remain here, there is nothing to fear from our little patients; they are suffering from nothing infectious. Please take a chair."

Compassion

ROBERT ARCIER was not used to being asked to wait, but he accepted the chair. His glance followed the nurse as she glided from cot to cot.

The stillness of the ward was uncanny when one realised that in it were over twenty small children. Arcier could not understand this calm. But suddenly the silence was broken by a moan. The nurse hurried to the bedside. Arcier then saw something he had never before witnessed in his whole life—a child suffering pain.

The poor baby—it was little more—had a narrow, thin little face. Its wide open eyes were immense and of great depth. Suffering had given them such a serious and despairing look that the brow above—too heavy for the face—might have harboured the disillusioned soul of an old man.

"Mama! Mama!" he moaned.

"These poor little things!" thought Arcier, "ill and separated from their mothers!"

The little fellow was suffering tortures and his face was drawn and pitiful. Arcier stood helpless, clasping and unclasping his hands.

"Oh! Sister!" was all he could say.

"This one is not the worst off by any means," the nurse replied. "These little patients interest you, sir?"

Arcier followed the sister on her round. She told him the name of each child in turn. Some were crippled for life; others had not long to live. Although his heart was overflowing with compassion, Arcier did not dare to speak to any of them. What could he say to these little ones that would be gentle or beautiful enough?

Dr. Fagus' voice interrupted his thoughts. He excused himself to the sister and entered the dark room. In the soft shadow Fagus noticed a sudden movement.

"What is the matter?" he questioned. Arcier was unable to reply at once. The picture had paled!

Understanding

THE next morning the millionaire was ahead of time. He was carrying a travelling bag, and went round the ward, giving each child a toy. He listened entranced to the shaky little laughs.

But some of the little ones seemed too ill to amuse themselves, and still others to have already detached themselves from this world. Arcier seated himself beside one of these. The unsmiling child was grasping a miniature windmill in attenuated fingers.

The poor man felt awkward in the presence of this fragile yet venerable atom of humanity—afraid of destroying something precious in the child soul by some clumsiness. He racked his brains to recall some long-forgotten nursery rhyme. At last he began:

"Once upon a time there was a miller . . ." The child studied him attentively . . . "a miller whose only wealth consisted of . . ."

". . . a windmill, a donkey and a cat!" a deep voice behind him continued. Arcier turned round to see Fagus smiling down at him.

The picture in Arcier's eyes became still paler that day.

And so the weeks passed. Arcier divided his visits to the hospital into two parts, devoting one to the sick children, the other to his treatment.

Before long his pity for the children had been transformed into charity. He was given permission to visit other wards, and this man, to whom a previously unknown and unguessed depth of misery had been revealed, set his whole soul to the task of alleviating some of the suffering about him.

At first, in this, he was actuated by a desire to manifest in some way his gratitude, for daily the accursed scene in his eyes was becoming weaker.

Tragedy

THE rays from the marvellous little disc of light seemed to be eating it away bit by bit. Even now, when seated by a cot telling a fairy tale to one of his little friends, the picture would efface itself entirely.

"Cinderella!" "Beauty and the Beast!" He had learned them all over again. He had even invented appropriate stories for each of his little friends. Alas! Fairy tales were powerless against suffering and destiny. Nothing could distract one little child from his tragic silence—nothing—not even the tortures he suffered when his wounds were dressed. And Arcier could only hold his little hand and watch him, as though to show him that someone was there who loved him and wanted to help him.

One afternoon while the sister was renewing compresses and bandages, the copper king, holding the tiny fingers, saw the innocent sufferer's eyes become gradually dim.

A wave of compassion and grief overwhelmed Arcier. He felt choked.

"Poor mite!" came a voice behind him, and Fagus touched him on his bent shoulder. Arcier rose. His eyes were full of tears.

"Are you coming?" asked Fagus indicating the dark room.

Arcier, his eyes swimming in tears, seemed to look into space as though seeking something that had disappeared by magic. First, he dried his eyes, then blinked them rapidly so as to clear his sight, then he rubbed them. . . .

Light!

AT last he turned to the oculist, and in some way—says Fagus—Arcier reminded him of a mediæval saint on a stained-glass window, such was the radiance that emanated from him.

Understanding what had at last happened, Fagus stretched out his hands to him, murmuring: "Ah! Tears!—Tears, and all that they mean——"

"Tears? yes—perhaps," replied the millionaire. "Also—the marvellous rays of your light!"

"*My* light?" replied Fagus. "I never saw anything in your eyes!—No, not *my* light—just LIGHT!"

Next Week:

"The Benefit of the Doubt"
by Anthony Berkeley

Race with "Silver Ring"

I Choose Drintyre

Drintyre and his owner, Capt. Brownhill

Racing is now on sale at three shillings, and, to all who follow racing, this excellent guide is indispensable. Get it from your newsagent, or direct from the Publishers, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2. By post it costs 3s. 4½d.

At Lingfield this week-end I suggest Lone Eagle II, Ellison and Drintyre.

IN anticipation of the Grand National entries, I have been studying the records of the race and am of the opinion that for the great test one cannot better a nine-year-old 'chaser. For that reason I am putting up

DRINTYRE

as the best ante-post bet.

Last March the first four were all nine-year-olds. Going back to 1910, and omitting the substitute races at Gatwick, nine-year-olds have taken practically half the prizes.

By the way, the 1931 edition of "*The Sporting Life*" *Annual Summary of Past*

JOHN BULL'S CODE

The Code for this week is as follows It covers the racing from Thursday January 14, to Wednesday, January 20.

P D C X Z H J S M L T A N G Q I
V B R E F I U O Y W 98 97 96 95 94 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

95CX9597W97RI would read GREGALACH. Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example.

YJXF2H96 would read MUEZZIN.

"SILVER RING."

JOHN BULL'S GREAT GIFT TO YOU

FINAL CLOSING DATE JAN. 30

John Bull New Year Gift Voucher — VALUE 2/6

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/6 in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Pen and Pencil Set. Only one voucher accepted in part payment of each Pen. Available only until January 30, 1932.

5/- for 2/6

"Worth Ten Times the Price."

The "John Bull" Pen is the best I have ever used, though I had pens costing ten times the price.—W. Bell, 4, Waterside, Watford.

John Bull New Year Gift Voucher — VALUE 5/-

Accepted as Five Shillings in part payment of the "John Bull" 10/- Pen and Pencil Set de luxe. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Available only until January 30, 1932.

10/- for 5/-

Your Last Chance!

"John Bull's" Great Gift, which has been such a phenomenal success, finally closes on Jan. 30. Readers in their thousands have been delighted with their beautiful Pen and Pencil Sets. If you have not got yours yet, cash the Coupon and make application to-day.

WHAT "JOHN BULL" OFFERS:

(1) 2/6 GIFT VOUCHER, which will be accepted as 2/6 in part payment of "John Bull's" 5/- Pen and Pencil Set. The Pen is handsomely chased, superbly finished, with latest lever self-filling device and safety screw cap. Fitted with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, it is without a peer for delicacy of touch and smooth-writing qualities. Written two years' guarantee with each pen.

The Pencil, complete with extra leads and pocket clip, matches the pen in beauty and workmanship. Both are ALL BRITISH.

SEND 2/6 ONLY (plus postage).

(2) 5/- GIFT VOUCHER, which will be accepted as 5/- in part payment of "John Bull's" 10/- Writing Set de Luxe.

The Pen, which is unbreakable, carries a Five Year written guarantee. You will admire the superb finish, the rolled-gold band and pocket clip, the lever-filling device which is deeply sunk, the extra quality of the 14-carat solid gold nib tipped with costly iridium.

The "Everpointed" Pencil with its streamline finish, including extra leads and pocket clip, is a perfect "partner" for a perfect gift. ALL BRITISH.

SEND 5/- ONLY (plus postage)

Cash the Coupons!

"JOHN BULL'S" NEW YEAR GIFT COUPON

To "JOHN BULL" PEN DEPT. (J.B.), 27, Floral Street, Leaden, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/6, which please accept as 2/6 in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Pen and Pencil Set. I enclose p.o. for 2/6, plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 2/9 in all. Pocket Clip 3d. extra.

OR

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value Five Shillings, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 10/- Pen and Pencil Set de luxe, including clip on pen and pencil and extra leads. I enclose p.o. for 5/-, plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 5/3 in all.

CROSS OUT GIFT NOT REQUIRED.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Fine—medium—broad nib (cross out 2 does not required).

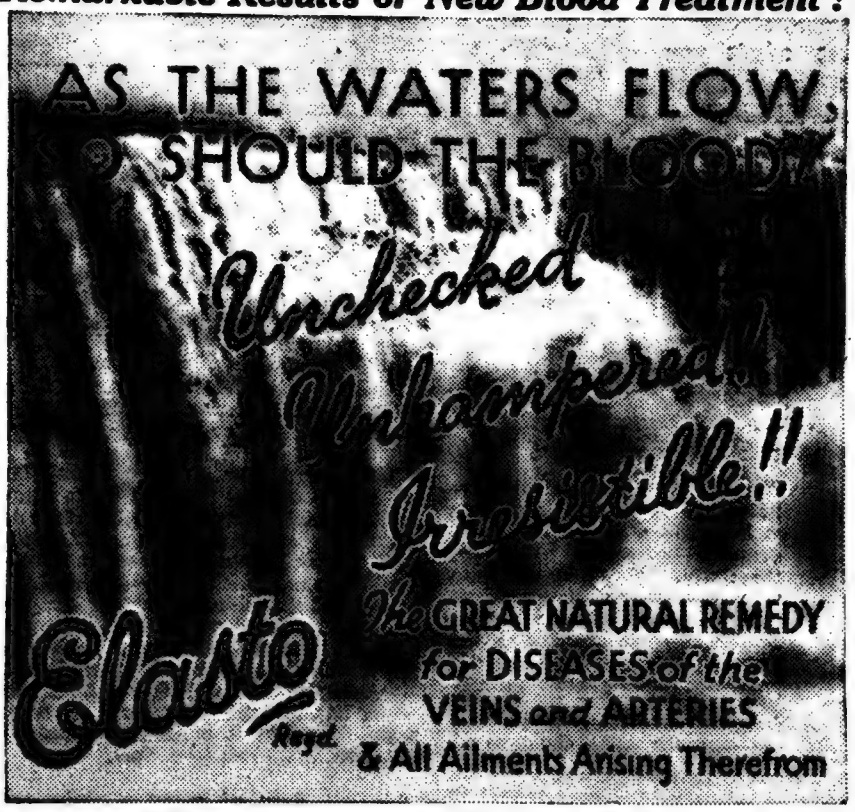
Cross cheque/p.o. /& Co./ and make payable to "John Bull."

HEALTHY LEGS FOR ALL!

DON'T SUFFER FROM

CIRCULATORY DISEASES

Remarkable Results of New Blood Treatment!



What Users of Elasto Say—

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Elasto put new life into me."
"Wonderfully active, thanks to Elasto."
"My Doctor cannot praise Elasto enough."
"Can now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Elasto has worked wonders; my legs are quite clear now."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"I am now feeling quite fit and healthy."
"Now free from piles."
"I feel 10 years younger."
"It put me on my feet."
"Varicose veins have completely disappeared."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Elasto has completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"My skin is as soft as velvet."

These extracts from testimonials are typical of the general chorus of praise which has greeted this wonderful new blood treatment—Elasto.

YOU NATURALLY ASK "What is Elasto?"

ELASTO is something new to curative science; it is based on the knowledge that varicose ailments and relaxed conditions generally, with their numerous developments and widely varied symptoms, are *deficiency diseases*; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood*.

Owing to this lack, the body is unable to evolve the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein walls and the membranes in healthy condition, and a varicose or relaxed condition results.

Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements that combine with albumen to form elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to effect a cure in a perfectly normal manner.

There is no chance-work about Elasto; it brings into play Nature's own laws of healing. Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell food which *must be present in the blood to ensure complete health*. It is prepared in tiny tablets, to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly and the most effective treatment ever devised.

Elasto conquers varicose veins, ulcers, eczema, psoriasis, phlebitis, thrombosis, muscular weakness, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, gout, rheumatism, neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as bad legs.

Elasto also conquers piles, prolapsus, varicocele, hardened arteries and glands, arthritis, sciatica, lumbago, and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

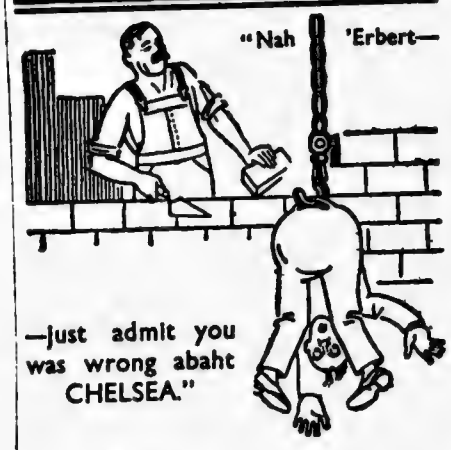
Send for FREE Sample

Elasto Treatment is fully explained in a Special Free Booklet which we will gladly send privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5s. for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto Blood Treatment makes!!

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD. (Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Elasto Will Save You Pounds

CURES THROUGH THE BLOOD



Whatever the argument—

BOLENIUMS

THE SUPER OVERALLS — NEVER LET YOU DOWN

The Best you can buy are Bolenium. Bend, tug and twist as hard and often as your work demands—Boleniums will stand the strain. Worn by the man who knows—the smartest cut and toughest of the tough. Double sewn at every seam, detachable buttons, dust and oil-proof cloth—and guaranteed, too.

6/6 Ask your Outfitter. If you have any difficulty write direct to :—

BOLENIUM OVERALLS
(Dept. 1), Upton Park, London, E.13.

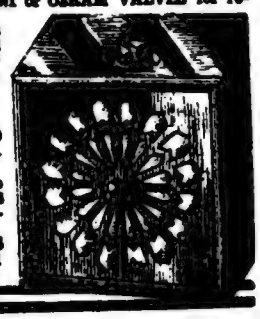
10/- DOWN *Brings this famous 3-valve set to you*

THE GAMAGE 'COMPACT' 3-VALVE Fully Guaranteed WIRELESS SET

Entirely Self-contained except aerial & earth wires

Everything you could wish for in a Wireless Set is here — appearance, selectivity, tone and volume — at half the price that you would have to pay elsewhere for similarly constructed sets.

Note these special features :— ADJUSTABLE CONE SPEAKER. MARCONI or OSRAM VALVES for reliability. 99-Volt H.T. Battery. Grid-Bias Battery. Fully charged Accumulator. Guaranteed for 12 months. OAK CABINET. Modern Design.



CASH PRICE
£5 : 10 : 0
or 12 monthly payments of 10/-
"COMPACT" Two Valve Set.....70/-
or 12 monthly payments of 7/6

GAMAGES Holborn, E.C.1 and 107, Cheapside

WAKE UP WITH CATARRH GONE

Stop your Catarrh. Use Nostrolme Nasal Specific to-night. It acts on Catarrh while you sleep, giving wonderful relief in morning. "Nostrolme" goes direct to the Cause, soothes, heals and comforts. Quickly applied, never detected, always effective. Finest remedy for Catarrh, Head Noises, Deafness. Suits every purse. 1/3 from Chemist. Complete treatment. *Free Sample from "Nostrolme" J. 65, Clifton, Bristol.*

'NOSTROLINE'

"Puritan Salts" for Constipation. 6d. per box at Chemists

Husband *who* STOLE *for* LOVE

HUMAN DOCUMENTS are conducted by Philip Inman, who is anxious to help you out of your difficulty. Address your letters to "Humanist," and enclose a stamped envelope. £2 2s., £1 1s. and 10s. 6d. are paid for the problems published.

I AM in great distress, and my heart feels as if it is completely broken. This is my story :

I have one of the best husbands in the world, and we have been happily married for six years. He is an engineer, but has been out of work for the last twelve months. We have a little boy of three, and I had a bad time when he was born and nearly lost my life. I am expecting my second baby in February, and this seemed to prey on my husband's mind.

We have only had the dole to live upon, and out of the twenty-five shillings a week we have had to pay eighteen shillings for two furnished rooms.

A little while ago my husband managed to scrape together the money to buy two tickets in the Irish Sweep. He said he felt sure he was going to win one of the prizes, and his great idea was that I should be in comfortable circumstances for my confinement.

But when the lists came out and he did not win anything he became distracted, and I thought he would go out of his mind.

That night he went out, saying he would not be gone long, but at midnight I had a terrible fright when a policeman came and said that my husband had met with a serious accident. I was rushed to the hospital.

There I found my husband unconscious, and the doctor said it was unlikely that he would recover. But even worse was to follow. I discovered that my husband had been caught in the act of bag-snatching, and was running away chased by a policeman when he was knocked down by a 'bus.

AFTER days of acute anxiety my husband seems to have taken a turn for the better, and the doctor now says he thinks he will recover, though he is likely to be an invalid for a long time.

That does not worry me. I will work my fingers to the bone so long as his life is spared. I know that he was only thinking of me when he committed his foolish deed, for if he ever had a shilling I always had it.

What is troubling me is that when he gets better he will probably be arrested and sent to prison. I could not bear that—I think I would die. Can I do anything to save him from this terrible consequence?

"HUMANIST" says: Don't worry yourself unduly. Our magistrates are always lenient with first offenders, especially when there are extenuating circumstances. From what you say your husband is more to be pitied than punished. For his sake, as well as for your little boy and your unborn baby, you must keep a brave heart.

HUSH-MONEY:

a contemptible pact

THOUGH our mother died when we were very young, my brother and I were brought up in the lap of luxury until father died. We were then aged sixteen and fourteen respectively.

To everybody's surprise, the whole of father's property, without reservation, was left to a woman we did not know, and in the will he commended us to her care and protection.

As soon as the estate was realised this woman disappeared. We were then looked after by an old family nurse until we were able to find work. I got a job in the household of a wealthy widower, and eventually I became his trusted servant and confidant.

Some little time ago my employer became engaged to be married, and he invited his fiancée to spent a week-end in her prospective home. To my consternation I discovered that this woman was the inheritor of my father's property.

When I was waiting at table I saw at once that she recognised me. At the first opportunity she begged my forgiveness and implored me not to tell my employer of her relationship with my father, as to do so would wreck their happiness.

She promised to allow me £3 a week, and finally I accepted in order to help my brother, who had got into debt.

In being paid for my silence I feel that I am betraying my employer's trust, although I am sure that his fiancée is penitent for her past. What ought I to do?

"HUMANIST" says: "It comes to this: who has the greater claim on you; your employer or the woman? She has let you down once—she may do it again. Your employer, on the other hand, has trusted you with his confidence, and you ought to reciprocate it. Tell him everything and own up to having struck what I think was a contemptible bargain.

LOVE OR DUTY?

newly-wed's dilemma

YOU must understand my early life to appreciate my present problem. When I was six my father and mother died within a month of each other, and I was brought up by my sister, who is thirteen years older than myself. When I was twenty-one I was badly hurt in a motor smash, and for weeks my life was despaired of. That I ultimately recovered is due entirely to the devoted care of my sister, who gave up her work to nurse me and who never once left my side.

Up to about a year ago she and I were inseparable companions. Then I met and fell in love with a girl, and we were married just five months ago, my sister coming to live with us.

From the first my sister seemed to resent our happiness, and if my wife and I go out without her she sulks for days at a time. It is so unlike what she used to be, and I can only imagine it is because she does not like my wife.

Now this is my problem—I am torn between love for my wife and grateful attachment to my sister. My mind is hopelessly divided, and I honestly don't know what to do. I haven't the heart to turn my sister adrift.

On the other hand, my home life is being made miserable. Can you help me to solve the problem?

"HUMANIST" says:—Of course, your wife must come first—your marriage vows tell you that. On the other hand, your sister has been a second mother to you and her life will be barren if you cut her off entirely. She ought to find work that will occupy her mind, and make her home with someone near you, but not with you.

NIGHT SQUAWKS

make life a misery

I WORK hard, and my nights are a torment because of the selfishness of the neighbours. On one side of me they have the wireless going at all hours, and next door to me the other way they have two young children who seem to cry incessantly. I have complained to the landlord, but he says that if I don't like it I can find another house.

Can I appeal to any higher authority to stop these nuisances?

"HUMANIST" says:—So far as the children are concerned your only redress is that suggested by the landlord. Legally, I think you can be protected against the wireless nuisance, but peaceful rather than legal methods are always advisable. Have you approached your neighbours in a friendly spirit? If they are reasonable they must surely see your point of view.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—" FUND

The Great Little Mother

THIS little Miss 1932, called Annie, at the age of ten years, does all mother's work.

Annie's ex-Service father has mainly been out of work for over three years, though he occasionally earns eighteen shillings a week, helping a street-seller with his stall.

If he had the means to buy and stock a stall or barrow of his own, it would keep the family from the Institution, for that is what the Public Assistance Committee offers.

Annie's mother has recently come out of Guy's Hospital. For five years she has suffered from diabetes, and, though she is supplied with insulin free, she cannot afford the special diet her condition necessitates. Above all, she should be free from worry, whereas, in her present straits, her life is perpetual worry.

* * *

Annie has an elder sister, aged twelve, but she is in hospital. The younger children are seven and five years old.

When we saw Annie, this double little mother, it was a wet day, and her out-at-toes sand shoes and her stockings were wet through.

Annie has charge of a desperate household budget. The weekly rent of 10s. 2d. is in arrears; their bed-clothes and practically all they possess are in pawn to the extent of over £4. They owe bills for milk and bread.

Annie

Unless the children can pick up empty old boxes in the market they have to sit without a fire.

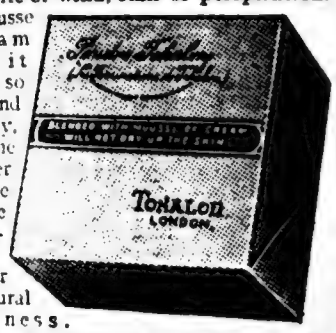
Yet the mother clings to the hope of keeping her children with her. "I should like one more try," said their mother. "If I can get a little assistance I will start flower selling. It is my illness that has let me down."

Will our readers give her "One more try" by sending subscriptions to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, for her case or for the Fund generally?

We no longer publish acknowledgments in JOHN BULL, but where names and addresses are given acknowledgments are sent by post. We are grateful for 10s. received in each case from: "Cocoa"; P. M. Wilson; BM/CRAE, and "S.C. M.N."

3 OUT OF 4 Women use Wrong Shade of Face Powder

Experts have shown that there are four distinctly different shades of skin, each requiring a different shade of face powder. By using the exact shade best suited to their skins, 3 out of 4 women might easily increase complexion beauty 100 per cent. Poudre Tokalon is the one face powder that stays on all day or evening indoors or out, in spite of wind, rain or perspiration.



The mousse of cream makes it adhere so closely and invisibly, that no one would ever dream the exquisite tint imparted is not your own natural loveliness.

FREE. So that you may test the different shades on your own face and determine which is best adapted to your skin, you may now obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit, containing four popular and distinct shades of Tokalon Mousse of Cream Powder. The Outfit also contains Crême Tokalon Skinfoods for both night and morning use. Simply send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of packing, postage, etc., to Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 222E), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

Pain after Eating

ACIDITY, GASTRITIS, & INDIGESTION DISAPPEAR LIKE MAGIC.

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by the BRADFORTH ACIDITY PRESCRIPTION No. 1077. This prescription is non-purgative. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long, sour face replaced by such broad, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change.

Prices 1/4 (72), 2/6 (144), 7/- (432 tablets).

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Bradforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,
Dept. J.B. 108), 48, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4.

Boots, Taylors, Timothy White's and the best chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order at a few days' notice if requested to do so.

LISTEN *next Sunday Night* to Radio Paris at 10.30 and win £500 *in a great one week contest.*

The great Radio Concerts, broadcast by "John Bull" from Radio Paris every Sunday evening at 10.30 p.m., have found amazing popularity. Our readers are enthusiastic about this bright addition to the Sunday evening entertainment and letters of congratulation continue to pour in from all parts of the country.

Again next Sunday at 10.30 p.m. thousands of sets will be tuned in to Radio Paris in eager anticipation of the great "John Bull" concert. Another 10 records will be played and listeners are asked to choose 8 and place them in entertainment order. For this simple effort the huge sum of £500 will be paid by "John Bull."

Next Sunday's 10 popular records will be introduced by Mr. NORMAN LONG, the famous entertainer, whose broadcasts have given so much pleasure to the great wireless public, and who will be in Paris specially to give his breezy entertainment. Get all the family round and enter for this novel Contest.

Mr. Norman Long

The Judges' decision giving the order of entertainment value of 8 of the 10 gramophone records broadcast in "John Bull's" Radio Contest No. 1 appears on page 32.

Here are the Ten Records!

Below is a list of the ten Gramophone Records which will be broadcast from Radio Paris on Sunday Evening, January 17th, commencing 10.30 p.m. When filling in your Entry Form quote only the "key" NUMBERS of the Records you select.

Key No.

1. **CHANGING OF THE GUARD** (*One-step*) (Columbia, C.B.362, 10in.). *Played by* DEBROY SOMERS BAND.
2. **YOU ARE MY HEART'S DELIGHT** (Columbia, D.B.703, 10in.). Organ solo by QUENTIN MACLEAN.
3. **GUILTY** (Columbia, D.B.711, 10in.). *Sung by* LAYTON & JOHNSTONE.
4. **SMILE, DARN YOU, SMILE** (Columbia, D.B.699, 10in.). By THE BIG FOUR.
5. **TUNES OF THE TIMES** (*Dance Medley No. 2*) *Played by* (Columbia C.B.371, 10in.). JACK PAYNE with his B.B.C. Orchestra.
6. **THE WHITE FLOWER OF THE ISLANDS** *Played by* (Columbia C.B. 387, 10in.) SAVOY HOTEL ORPHEANS BAND.
7. **YOU FORGOT YOUR GLOVES** (Columbia, D.B.698, 10in.). *Sung by* BINNIE HALE.
8. **FALL IN AND FOLLOW THE BAND** (*Fox-trot*) (Columbia, C.B.361, 10in.). *Played by* DEBROY SOMERS BAND.
9. **MONA LISA** (*Quick Step from Bow Bells*) *Played by* (Columbia, C.B.400, 10in.). SAVOY HOTEL ORPHEANS BAND.
10. **COLUMBIA ON PARADE** (Columbia, D.X.299, 12in.). By 19 COLUMBIA ARTISTS.

Rules and Conditions.

(1) On this page will be found a list of ten Gramophone Records, which will be broadcast from Radio Paris on Sunday, January 17th, commencing 10.30 p.m. Listen-in to these records—select what you consider are the best eight in their order of entertainment value—then fill in your selections accordingly on the Entry Forms provided, or on a blank piece of paper the size of a postcard. When this contest is closed—that is after all entries have been received—these records will be judged by a committee of three entertainment experts, who will select the eight best in their order of entertainment value. "John Bull" will pay the sum of £500 in cash to the entrant whose selection on one form agrees or most nearly agrees with the award of the experts. The judges will award the prize to the entrant whose placings of the entertainment value of the eight records selected correctly proceeds furthest down the list in accordance with the order decided upon by the committee of experts.

The decision of the Committee of experts in connection with Contest No. 3 will be published in the issue of "John Bull" on sale January 23th. The name of the winner will be announced in "John Bull" on sale February 4th.

(2) Entry Form must be filled in by the entrant in ink, and must not be mutilated or altered or left incomplete.

(3) Entrant's name and usual address must be written as directed on all Entry Forms. Each Entry Form must be cut out and must have one 1½d. stamp affixed to the space provided thereon. Entries may also be sent in on plain paper, the same size as an ordinary postcard, enclosed in an envelope, but each entry must have a 1½d. stamp affixed.

(4) The entrant may enclose all his attempts in one envelope, which must reach the address below not later than noon, Thursday, January 21st.

RADIO CONTEST No. 3.
"John Bull,"
3, Arne Street,
London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

(5) Proof of posting is not proof of delivery, and no responsibility is undertaken for any entry form or claim lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

(6) In the event of a tie or ties, the £500 prize will be equally divided. No entrant can win more than one share of the prize.

(7) The Editor of "John Bull" reserves the right to disqualify any entrant for reasons which he considers good and sufficient.

(8) Entrants are required to accept as final the result of our careful searches and entries are accepted only on this condition.

(9) Employees of "John Bull" and associated companies and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

(10) Failure to comply with any of the above rules involves disqualification.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

On an Entry Form or on a blank piece of paper about the size of a postcard, write your selection of the best eight Gramophone Records in the order of entertainment value: (use key numbers only—see list above). Altered or mutilated coupons will be disqualified. You may send in as many entries as you wish providing each entry is made on a separate piece of paper and a three-halfpenny stamp affixed to each entry. Give your full name and address on each entry you send in.

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" RADIO CONTEST. No. 3.

I agree to all rules governing this competition.

AFFIX THREE-HALFPENNY STAMP TO THIS SPACE

Fill in KEY NUMBERS ONLY. NOT the Record Numbers.

1st	
2nd	
3rd	
4th	
5th	
6th	
7th	
8th	

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CLOSING DATE NOON, THURSDAY, JAN. 21st.

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" RADIO CONTEST. No. 3.

I agree to all rules governing this competition.

AFFIX THREE-HALFPENNY STAMP TO THIS SPACE.

Fill in KEY NUMBERS ONLY. NOT the Record Numbers.

1st	
2nd	
3rd	
4th	
5th	
6th	
7th	
8th	

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CLOSING DATE NOON, THURSDAY, JAN. 21st.

"JOHN BULL'S" £500 Radio Contest No. 1.

Below are given the names of the eight Gramophone records in order of entertainment value as decided by the Committee of Experts, from the ten played in "John Bull" Radio Contest No. 1 broadcast on January 3rd and 10th.

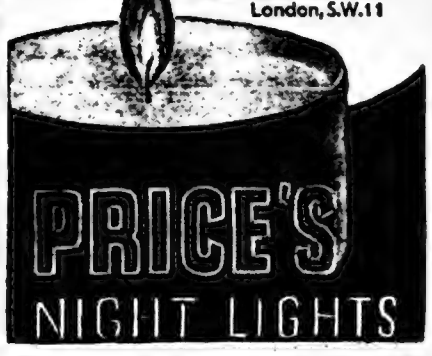
1. CAVALCADE.
2. RIVER STAY 'WAY FROM MY DOOR.
3. CHE GELIDA MANINA.
4. BLUE DANUBE.
5. GOT A DATE WITH AN ANGEL.
6. SERENADE.
7. OH, SAILOR BEHAVE.
8. VIENNA, CITY OF MY DREAMS.

The name of the prize-winner of this contest will be announced in next week's issue of "John Bull." Another great "John Bull" contest will be broadcast from Radio Paris next Sunday evening at 10.30. Be sure to listen in—it may be worth £500 to you. Full particulars on Page 33.

the Friendly glimmer

For kiddies For invalids For the old Folk

29 uses for Price's Night Lights described in Free booklet. Send p.c. to Price's, Dept. J.B./5, Battersea, London, S.W.11



Had Psoriasis Years Agony to Walk About Healed by Cuticura

"I was a sufferer of psoriasis for several years. The complaint began with just a few scaly patches on my back and arms. After a few months it broke out on my left limb and the irritation was awful. The irritation caused me to rub continually, and it became sore, and of a wet nature. At times my limb was so painful that it was agony to walk about.

"I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample of each. After applying them twice I felt the irritation less. I purchased more and after using three tins of the Ointment I was completely healed." (Signed) G. J. Horler, 11, Aberpennar St., Mountain Ash, S. Wales.

Clear the pores of impurities by daily use of Cuticura Soap, with touches of Cuticura Ointment as needed to soothe and heal. Cuticura Talcum is fragrant and refreshing, an ideal toilet powder for every member of the family.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1.

Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

STOMACH ACIDITY RUINS HEALTH

When acid conditions of the stomach cause indigestion after every meal there's only one thing to be done, and that is to neutralise this harmful acidity and leave the digestive organs free to carry out their work as nature intended—quickly and without pain. To neutralise stomach acidity and prevent fermentation there's nothing to equal 'Bisurated' Magnesia, the world-famed remedy which gives instant relief even in the most distressing cases. 'Bisurated' Magnesia is known and recommended by doctors everywhere, and used in many of the biggest hospitals for patients whose recovery is impeded by stomach acidity. Your chemist sells 'Bisurated' Magnesia in both powder and tablet form, price 1s. 3d.; all it need cost you to put an end to health-wrecking acidity.

Reduce YOUR High

BLOOD PRESSURE

REJUVENATE YOUR ARTERIES.
STRENGTHEN YOUR HEART.
COME OFF THE DANGER LIST.

Blood Pressure Breakdowns are absolutely unnecessary and Arterio-Sclerosis is curable. Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. Get it Now.
(Prescription No. 1102/T). Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/6.
Privately packed and post free at these prices from
Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,
(Dept. J.B. 32), 49, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.
Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, and the best chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order at a few days' notice if requested to do so.

IT IS NO USE BACKING WINNERS
If your Bookmaker fails to pay out
January 2nd was a Lucky Day for Football Punters, and a Black Saturday for those who promise extravagant odds.

THE ONLY WAY
of securing prompt settlements without fuss and bother is to bet with a Firm of Repute.

BET WITH 'THE BIG TWO'
ALL WINNINGS are always promptly paid and
20/- in the £ guaranteed

THE 'CHALLENGER' FOOTBALL LISTS
also offer the Greatest Attractions and the Biggest Prices consistent with Security.

14 LISTS to CHOOSE from and LONG ODDS TOTALISATOR

Send at once for particulars of
AMAZING FREE OFFER
OF
Beautiful Macclesfield Ties in your Club Colours.

To agents THE BIG TWO Send direct
DAVID COPE
& ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD
227 BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.2.

When I Let My Chance Go By

THE North-bound express was about to leave York Station. A pale-faced cleric, unable to find the coppers for the tea he had drunk, seemed flustered. I did not like to butt in, and another man paid.

Two days later, I was in a crowded hall to hear "Woodbine Willie." When I saw him, I recognised the man who could not pay.

His "Life" on my shelves poignantly reminds me that I missed the chance to do a "good turn" to a man who spent his life in doing kindly actions.—*R. W., Nottingham.*

Poetic Justice

Two years ago I had to sack one of my employees for slackness. Three weeks later he approached me with an idea for improving one of our machines. Thinking it only a ruse to get his job back, I would not see him.

His idea was taken up by a rival firm; it reduced the cost of production by 15 per cent., and eventually was the means of ruining my business. Now I am working for the man I sacked.—*B. H., Brighton.*

A Diamond Rush

With two chums, I remained in Cape Colony after the Boer War. We all secured employment on the railway. One day, hearing of an expected diamond "rush" north of Kimberley, my friends decided to go, and urged me to join them.

I dared not risk throwing up my job. They went and I stayed behind. Luck favoured them.

One is now a wealthy magistrate in Cape Province, whilst the other is a Sussex squire. I missed my greatest chance, and my nose is still to the grindstone.—*Rooinek, N. Wales.*

The Other Woman

I was newly arrived in Australia and advertised in the Press for a post. When replies came in, imagine my surprise to find amongst them a brief, little note from an unknown and lonely young man soliciting the beginning of a friendship by letter!

I could not think of such a thing. Not so my friend, to whom I handed the letter. Straightway that friendship commenced, more as a lark, maybe, but it has had the happiest of sequels, if the photograph I have by me is any criterion.

I might have been that happy-faced woman portrayed there—those my own darling children—if . . .—*Miss D. Chance, Birtley, Durham.*

Pride's Fall

On leaving school my father wished to apprentice me to his trade. This would have meant starting at the bottom and doing all the menial jobs. I refused and began my business career in an office.

It turned out to be a blind alley, and since leaving it I have had to be content with odd jobs; some of which have been even more menial than those I would have had to do at my father's trade.

Because I was too proud to start at the beginning I missed the chance I would now accept with alacrity.—*Lost, Liverpool.*

It Won—He Lost

I bought a ticket in the Irish Sweep, and planned what I would do with the fortune it might bring.

Later on I read a newspaper article about this form of gambling. According to the figures quoted, the individual chance of winning a big prize was so infinitesimal that I decided to dispose of my ticket. I felt that I had been a fool to waste money on such a poor chance, and gladly sold it to a friend.

When I heard that the ticket had won £30,000 I could have kicked myself to Jericho.—*W. B., Highbury.*

A Blackcoat's Lament

I was apprenticed to the drapery trade, and became a "counter-jumper" wearing the regulation frock coat and white cuffs that denoted "respectability."

A friend of my family wanted a man to be his agent as fish salesman in the wholesale market in my home town, and offered me the job. Brought up to mid-Victorian ideas, I turned the position down.

To-day I am still behind the counter, while the young man who took the "fishy" job could easily buy up the shop I work in—if he wished.—*"Cotton and Tape," Hull.*

The Good Samaritan

My pal and I were returning from work when we were stopped by an old lady. She asked me if I could oblige her by doing a little gardening. I pleaded I had no time to spare, but my pal consented to go after working hours and at week-ends.

She proved a Good Samaritan to him and he kept on with the job till the old lady's death, six months ago. In her will he was left £500.—*Fool, Worcs.*

Dropped His Baton

My Battery Commander was a fiery old Regular officer. During the Somme battle the shortage of officers was so acute that Battery Commanders were ordered to submit names of men suitable for commissions.

I was the old major's batman, and I remember how angry he was at having to make a selection from his men. Anyhow, I had burnt his bacon that morning, so he said, "Muggins, you are fool enough to be an officer; will you take a commission?" Thinking he was joking, I declined the honour; so he recommended the battery barber. That man is now a General—and I am still—*"Muggins," Plumstead.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, January 19.

What I owe to my WIFE / HUSBAND

Most husbands and wives are deeply indebted to each other—for happiness, content, support in adversity or in some great family crisis. We invite you to tell your story.

No Regrets

When a young man I was offered a post which would necessitate my leaving an invalid mother—whose only child I was—to the mercy of strangers. The position gave ample opportunities for promotion, because I was gifted for the particular work.

Duty to Mother, who is now dead, prevailed. A chum, who accepted the job, is in receipt of £600 a year, with pension on retirement, whilst I am a colliery worker, earning £117 per annum, providing I work full time.

But—I am by far the happier of the two.—*Eros, Penygraig.*

Fortune Sent Scurrying

My wife lay very ill. With the worry of her illness and our little baby dying, I missed my chance by not sending in a competition entry.

When my wife was well again she asked me if I had sent it in. I had forgotten it. When we looked at the results our solution was correct. We had missed £4,000.—*C. W., March, Cambs.*

* * *

I had the chance to be the fireman on the 8.25 express, but the regular fireman turned up just in time. A few hours later the train was wrecked—and he was killed.—*Loco, Bacup.*

A bookmaker offered me 100 to 1 against the favourite when it fouled the first hurdle. I ridiculed him—but it won!—*Ginger, London.*

I thought of buying some land in Canada for a cent a foot. My husband dissuaded me. Within three years its value had gone up sky-high.—*M. Y., Liverpool.*

I rejected a £6-a-week lover in favour of one earning only £2 a week.—*Disillusioned, Yarmouth.*

I refused to have my granny to live with me. She died and left £5,000 to charities.—*R. J. B., Ashford.*

If I'd said "Yes" to my first proposal I should have been living in the lap of luxury. As it is, unless a miracle happens, for years to come I shall be lingering on the arm of credit.—*Mother, Cotswold.*

Football Matches played on January 16

OUR EXPERT EXPECTS—

FIRST DIVISION.
**(1) EVERTON v. Sunderland.
(2) SHEFFIELD U. v. Derby.
(3) ARSENAL v. Birmingham.
(4) ASTON VILLA v. Liverpool.
(5) Blackburn v. Portsmouth.
(6) Blackpool v. W.B. ALBION.
(7) Bolton v. Wednesday.
(8) HUDDERSFIELD v. Chelsea.
**(9) MANCHESTER C. v. Leicester.
(10) MIDDLESBROUGH v. West Ham.
*(11) NEWCASTLE v. Grimsby.**

SECOND DIVISION.
*(1) PLYMOUTH v. Millwall.
**(2) WOLVERHAMPTON v. Forest.
(3) Barnsley v. LEEDS.
(4) BRADFORD v. Hotspur.
(5) Bristol City v. Port Vale.
(6) CHARLTON v. Chesterfield.
(7) NOTTS C. v. Bradford City.
(8) Oldham v. Bury.
*(9) SOUTHAMPTON v. Preston.
(10) STOKE v. Burnley.
(11) SWANSEA v. Manchester U.**

SOUTHERN SECTION.
(1) NORTHAMPTON v. Norwich.
*(2) MANSFIELD v. Clapton Orient.
(3) Boscombe v. Q.P. RANGERS.
(4) BRENTFORD v. Exeter.
(5) BRIGHTON v. Swindon.
*(6) C. PALACE v. Bristol R.
*(7) FULHAM v. Gillingham.
(8) READING v. Cardiff.
(9) SOUTHEND v. Luton.
(10) Thames v. Coventry.
(11) WATFORD v. Torquay.

NORTHERN SECTION.
(1) SOUTHPORT v. Stockport.
**(2) CREWE v. Carlisle.
(3) Barrow v. GATESHEAD.
(4) Chester v. Darlington.
(5) Doncaster v. Accrington.
(6) HULL CITY v. Walsall.
**(7) LINCOLN v. Halifax.
(8) N. Brighton v. Tranmere.
*(9) YORK v. Rotherham.
(10) Rochdale v. WREXHAM.**

SCOTTISH CUP.—ROUND I.
**(1) RANGERS v. Brechin.
*(2) RAITH v. Inverness Thistle.
*(3) MOTHERWELL v. Stenhousemuir.
(4) Q. OF THE SOUTH v. Stranraer.
(5) LEITH v. Albion Rovers.
(6) Arbroath v. ABERDEEN.
(7) Queen's Park v. ST. MIRREN.
*(8) ST. BERNARD'S v. Beith.
(9) Ayr v. ST. JOHNSTONE.
*(10) HAMILTON v. Dumbarton.
(11) Inverness Citadel v. PARTICK.
(12) Dunfermline v. E. STIRLING.
(13) Clyde v. THIRD LANARK.
(14) Murrayfield A. v. EDINBURGH.
(15) HIBS v. Dundee U.
(16) COWDENBEATH v. Alloa.
(17) FORFAR v. Airdrie.
(18) ARMADALE v. Montrose.
*(19) KILMARNOCK v. E. Fife.
*(20) CELTIC v. Falkirk.
(21) KING'S PARK v. Thornhill.
(22) DUNDEE v. Morton.
(23) Lochgelly A. v. HEARTS.
(24) Dalbeattie Star v. BO'NESS.**

JOHN BULL'S CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home and *A* for away team.

Example Code.—Div. I.—9 (*H*); Div. II.—5 (*H*); Southern Section—6 (*H*); Northern Section—7 (*H*) would indicate Manchester City, Wolverhampton, Crystal Palace and Lincoln.

YOUR FINAL OPPORTUNITY!

THIS 10-VOLUME LEATHER BOUND EDITION OF THE WORLD'S BEST SELLERS

DELIVERED TO YOUR HOME FOR

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DOWN

(plus 1/- for postage.)

HERE is your last opportunity to seize "John Bull's" great Gift Bargain.

This is "John Bull's" great Double Gift to YOU—a Free presentation voucher VALUE TEN SHILLINGS and SIXPENCE which not only entitles you to secure this superb Guinea **leather bound Edition of "The People's Home Library" at half-price,** but brings it to your home immediately on **a first payment of only 1/6 down** (Plus 1/- postage).

But you must act instantly. This offer is open for one week only and your Free Presentation voucher (valid until **January 21st**) should be sent AT ONCE. Cut it out and send your order **NOW.**

AN EDITION DE LUXE

Picture the joy of everyone in the home when they see this superb edition-de-luxe in its rich binding of deep morocco-grained blue leather with gold embossing, gilt topped pages and celophane dust-proof jackets. It brings new beauty to the home and opens a vast treasure-house of delight that can never be exhausted. For in these ten handsome volumes are gems of literature, enthralling stories by master novelists whose admirers number millions, stories that take you into a wonderland of adventure, and bring a new and thrilling world of romance to your fireside.

Here are the titles of these superb works:—

IVANHOE.....*By Sir Walter Scott.*
VANITY FAIR.....*By W. M. Thackeray.*
TALES OF MYSTERY...*By Edgar Allan Poe.*
WUTHERING HEIGHTS...*By Emily Bronte.*
OLD ST. PAUL'S.....*By Harrison Ainsworth.*
THREE MUSKETEERS
By Alexandre Dumas.
LAST DAYS OF POMPEII...*By Lord Lytton.*
TALE OF TWO CITIES...*By Charles Dickens.*
EAST LYNNE.....*By Mrs. Henry Wood.*
TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA.....*By Jules Verne.*

These ten sumptuous books contain no less than

2,021 FASCINATING PAGES

They are the book bargain of a lifetime, and, at this astoundingly low price, represent an opportunity that comes but once. Seize it before it is too late. Below is YOUR Free Gift Voucher entitling you to 10s. 6d. off this great £1 1s. 0d. edition, if you respond **AT ONCE.**

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Remember your money will be refunded without question if, within seven days, you return the books in good condition. If you wish to secure this wonderful library by instalments fill in Section A of the Order Form on left—if you wish to purchase the library outright for cash now fill in Section B.

But Hurry! Remember no application will be accepted after January 21st.

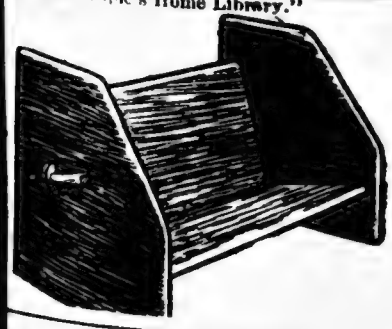
HURRY!

This offer is open for one week only!

No application will be accepted after JANUARY 21st

Would you like a Solid Oak Bookstand!

To those of our purchasers who wish to show their library to the best advantage, we offer, at a greatly reduced price, a handsome Solid Oak Bookstand, which has been specially designed for the "John Bull" Guinea Edition of "The People's Home Library." This Bookstand cannot be purchased separately, and the special offer, particulars of which you will find on the Order Form is open only to purchasers of "The People's Home Library."



John Bull
This Voucher must accompany the Order Form below, entitles you to a reduction of 10/6 off the ordinary price of the "John Bull" Guinea edition of The People's Home Library. Available until January 21st. J.B., 16.1.32
Voucher
10/6

A ORDER FORM B

INSTALMENT SECTION FORM

If you desire to take advantage of this Section address envelope to:—
The People's Home Library, Dept. J.1, 5, Castle Street, London, W.C.2.

Please forward me the 10 Volumes comprising the "John Bull" Guinea Edition of The People's Home Library under your special extended payments offer.

•*Without Bookstand send* **2/6** *now (which includes* **1/-** *postage, packing and insurance) and thereafter four fortnightly payments of* **2/6** *each.*

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I enclose special Half-Price Voucher and P.O./Cheque for ..... which includes 1/- postage, packing and insurance, and will forward you equal fortnightly instalments of ..... as scheduled above.

SPECIAL CASH FORM

If you desire to take advantage of this Section, address envelope to:—
The People's Home Library, Dept. J.1., 5, Castle Street, London, W.C.2.

Please forward me the 10 Volumes comprising the "John Bull" Guinea Edition of The People's Home Library as specified below.

•*Without Bookstand,* **10/6** *plus* **1/-** *postage, etc.,* **making 11/6 in all.**

•*With Bookstand,* **12/6** *plus* **1/-** *postage, etc..* **making 13/6 in all.**

•**Please cross out Section NOT required.**

I enclose special Half-Price Voucher and P.O., Cheque for ..... which includes 1/- for postage, packing, and insurance.

Cross P.O./Cheque "& Co.," and make payable to "John Bull."

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Town ..... County .....

Date ..... (Please write clearly) P.O. No. .....

For Instalment Purchasers only. ARE YOU A HOUSEHOLDER? .....
Occupation .....
Parent's Signature required if under 21.....

This Order Form is available until January 21st.

J.B., 16.1.32

DOUBLE YOUR INCOME!

£ WONDERFUL OPENING FOR MEN IN REGULAR EMPLOYMENT £

WHY YOU SHOULD DO THIS.—Turn your spare time into cash. Make your homes happy. Secure your future. Double your weekly wages. Give your children a good start.

HOW YOU SHOULD DO THIS.—Serve your friends with our dependableClothing, Drapery, Footwear, Cycles, Jewellery, etc. Customers don't have to wait their turn in Club, but goods sent to anyone as soon as you send orders. Your commission paid at once as soon as you start. No waiting until customers have settled account. £250,000 stock for you to select from. The whole thing is easy! Write for full particulars, and we will tell you how to start.

JOHN BLANFORD, LIMITED,
("ALL PROFIT" Spare Time Agencies)
(Dept. A/J.B.3), 24, 25, 26, Featherstone Street, City Road, E.C.1.

The Highland Chief
For throat relief,
To make his tickling cease
Finds Zubes are best
for throat and chest
And smokes his pipe in peace.

ZUBES

Zubes contain Aniseed, Liquorice, Menthol, Capsicum, Friar's Balsam, Horehound, Coltsfoot, Squills and Honey.

2½D. PER OZ

Except in Irish Free State.

F. W. Hampshire & Co. Ltd., Derby.

THIS TICKET identifies the really smart umbrella

It is the indication of an Umbrella that will always roll easily and neatly and that will keep its shape for years. This ticket shows the Umbrella with a Fox's frame—the foundation of all the best Umbrellas. Make sure, when buying, that your Umbrella has a

FOX'S FRAME

JOHN BULL'S' BIG X-WORD PRIZES & NOVEL BONUS!

£750

£100 INCREASED PRIZE FOR RUNNERS UP

£100 BONUS

WILL BE PAID TO THIS WEEK'S CASH PRIZE WINNER WHOSE WINNING COUPON BEARS THE FEWEST ERRORS IN THE ADJOINING UNSUCCESSFUL PUZZLE SQUARE WINNERS EQUALLY ELIGIBLE WILL DIVIDE THIS £100 BONUS

THERE is a fine First Prize of £750 for "John Bull's" Crossword this week, the amount of prize money for runners-up is increased to £100, and, in addition, each winner has the opportunity of gaining a novel bonus of £100! Half-an-hour with the clues below may solve all your difficulties in 1932! Start off now, determined to capture a big cheque, and see that your entry is in by noon, Thursday, January 21st.

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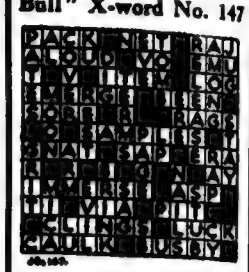
Winners in X-Word No. 146 appear on page 38.

Solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 147



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READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil; cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than **NOON, Thursday, January 21st.**

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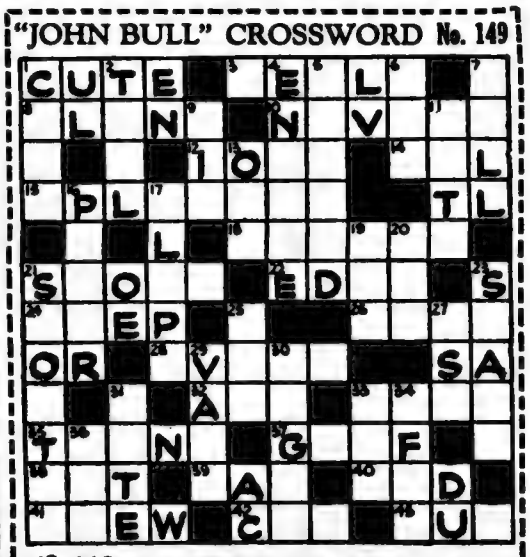
"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 149



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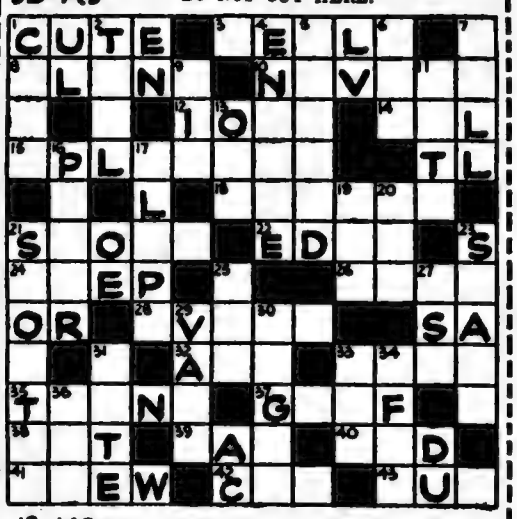

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ENTRY FEE for 2 Coupons 6D.

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CLOSING DATE, Noon, Thursday, Jan. 21, 1932

CLUES ACROSS.

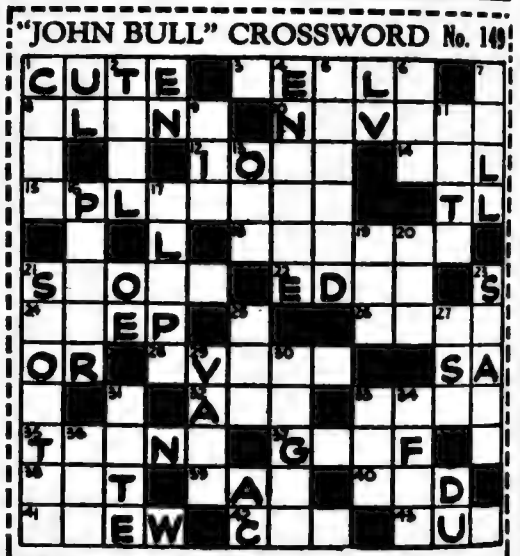
1. Keen-witted.
3. Quality of goods does this.
8. Through the length of.
10. A beginner.
12. A jot.
14. Boon companion.
15. Excellent.
18. Fears.
21. It deceives the credulous.
22. Swirl of water.
24. Look cautiously.
26. Common white wood.
28. Shows a horse's form.
32. Consumed.
33. Opposite of "west."
35. Two alike.
37. Sometimes comes between husband and wife.
38. Devour.
39. By-product of coal.
40. Youth.
41. Made drawings.
42. Provides something doctor prescribes.
43. Scour.

CLUES DOWN.

1. You need a licence to drive these.
2. Exacts a lot from us.
4. The whole.
5. Be careful that your gun isn't this!
6. Small quantity of liquid.
7. It's easier to get in than out of.
9. Spirit distilled from grain.
11. Enemies of mice.
13. Not even.
16. Sometimes provides music.
17. Run away for marriage.
19. Reckon up a total.
20. A colouring liquid.
21. Many new ties were, at Xmas.
23. Used for roofing.
25. You'll find it, on trawler's deck.
27. Donkey.
29. Huge.
30. Coloured person.
31. Is often in the air.
33. A yard and a quarter.
34. Distant.
36. Broke out in 1914.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull" or his copy of "Passing Show," in conjunction with which journal this contest is conducted. Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 149



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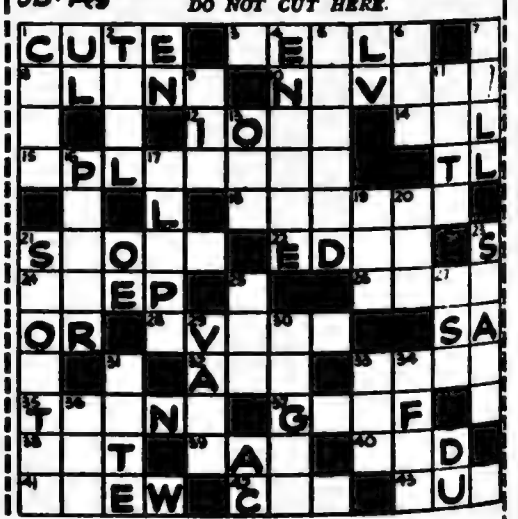

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SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

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If entering two double Entry Forms, cut them out separately—add name and address to both.

HOW TO ADDRESS ENTRY

Send Entry in envelope bearing 1½d. stamp and post to "John Bull" Crosswords (No. 149), 32, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (temp.)

THE Editor may be flippant o page, but his humour is malicious. He likes to end u week's work on a bright note. A questions are dealt with by expert staff of our Free A Service, who will deal with matter causing anxiety to readers. Send a stamped, addr envelope with your query.

P. G. (Frome).—"I told hi sorry, but I could not see th And did he hand you a mirror?

R. C. (Dover).—"Why are so forgetful?" To keep h writers off the dole.

D. M. (Hull).—"My wife was older than I when I married h not now, we'll wager.

F. T. (Isle of Wight).—"Do redress when my house is destro landslide?" No, or address.

D. B. (Elstree).—"A compet being held in Hollywood for beautiful nose." No doubt a lot up.

F. P. (Penzance).—"Except break during the war I have bee ringer for half a century." Fi all tolled.

Miss M. (Bayswater).—"Paris girls have protested against the ment of English girls in very terms." A chorus of protest.

H. G. (Chelmsford).—"I am ing a four months' expedition Arctic." For the duration of cleaning?

TOM (Colchester).—"I can tr say that no girl's lips have ever mine." They certainly do put c on pretty thick these days.

N. M. (Glasgow).—"I admit swore when I found the go covered with snow." That blanket-y, blanket-y Blank?

P. D. (Streatham).—"I ha bought a car for five pounds, crazy over it." You'll soon b crazy under it.

E. P. (Herne Hill).—"What is Master'?" A man who coul nearly as well as the forgers w his work.

R. E. (Walham Green).—"Not this world is done as well as it n done." What about the Britis payer?

Mrs. K. (Fleetwood).—"My always conndes his business trou me." Every time you want a new, we suppose.

S. A. (Plymouth).—"An A says that women are bigger 'go-' than men." After a fashion th of course.

W. L. (Southampton).—"Mr. Ford says that prosperity is more ful than adversity." Many peop further pi:of.

H. P. (Norwich).—"A Ho talkie star asserts that half her is swallowed up by expenses." monial registrars will have to their fees.

S. C. (Mayfair).—"A London says that since clothing becam confining, girls who dance seldo a stitch in the side." Nor on th either.

H. B. (Lowestoft).—"There buying or selling in heaven." seems to give conclusive proof th is not the place to which busin gone.

M. C. (Glasgow).—"A man wh recently left more than a h clocks." What a splendid tin executor must have had winding estate.

F. M. (Frinton).—"I receive letter, but I must think it over fully before replying." Yes, we it would give us a respite for months at least.

SIDE-S

Example of unconscious humour from the Actual cuttings must be sent... 2 6 is paid published. In the event of the same "Sli one reader, the award is paid to sender Mark envelope "S

EASTERN EVENING NEWS:—"Th joined in dancing and REVELRY."

SHEERNESS TIMES:—"Councill P. B. thanked all who had contr towards the grand results whic been accomplished with the obj providing a little Christmas che those who were less UNFORTUNATE themselves."

SOUTH WALES ECHO:—"The lev very wet and the water falling up HORSES' backs caused their hair worn off."

SALISBURY TIMES:—"100 prime fed porkers."

DOUBLE YOUR INCOME!

£ WONDERFUL OPENING FOR MEN IN REGULAR EMPLOYMENT £

WHY YOU SHOULD DO THIS.—Turn your spare time into cash. Make your homes happy. Secure your future. Double your weekly wages. Give your children a good start.

HOW YOU SHOULD DO THIS.—Serve your friends with our dependable Clothing, Drapery, Footwear, Cycles, Jewellery, etc. Customers don't have to wait their turn in Club, but goods sent to anyone as soon as you send orders. Your commission paid at once as soon as you start. No waiting until customers have settled account. £250,000 stock for you to select from. The whole thing is easy! Write for full particulars, and we will tell you how to start.

JOHN BLANFORD, LIMITED.
("ALL PROFIT" Spare Time Agencies)
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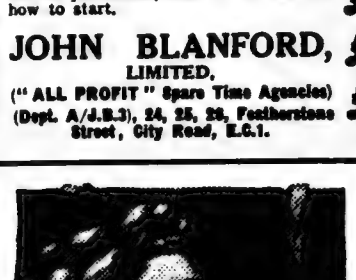

The Highland Chief
For throat relief,
To make his tickling cease
Finds Zubes are best
for throat and chest
And smokes his pipe in peace.

ZUBES

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F. W. Hampshire & Co. Ltd., Derby.

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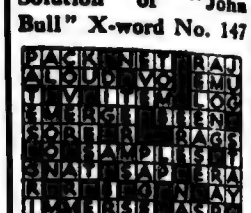

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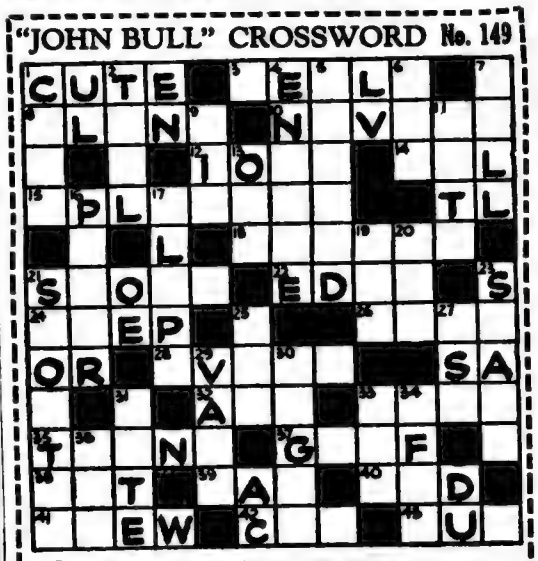

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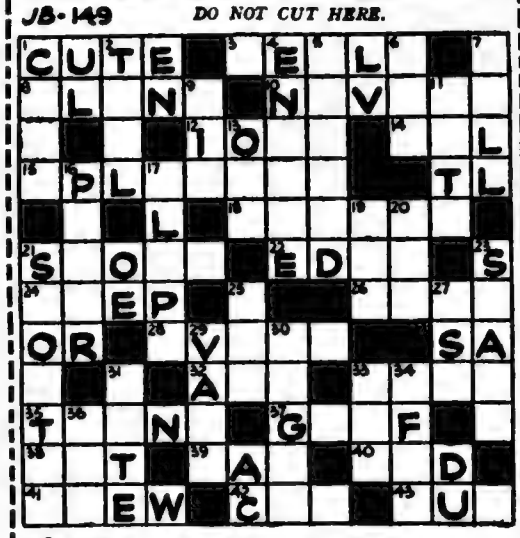

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32. Consumed.
33. Opposite of "west."
35. Two alike.
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38. Devour.
39. By-product of coal.
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4. The whole.
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7. It's easier to get in than out of.
9. Spirit distilled from grain.
11. Enemies of mice.
13. Not even.
16. Sometimes provides music.
17. Run away for marriage.
19. Reckon up a total.
20. A colouring liquid.
21. Many new ties were, at Xmas.
23. Used for roofing.
25. You'll find it, on trawler's deck.
27. Donkey.
29. Huge.
30. Coloured person.
31. Is often in the air.
33. A yard and a quarter.
34. Distant.
36. Broke out in 1914.

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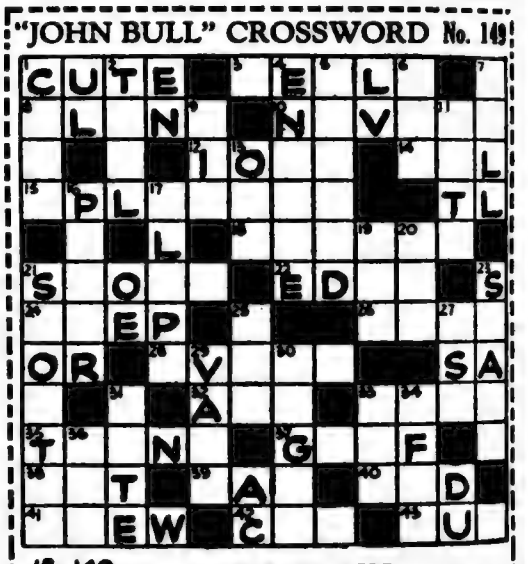

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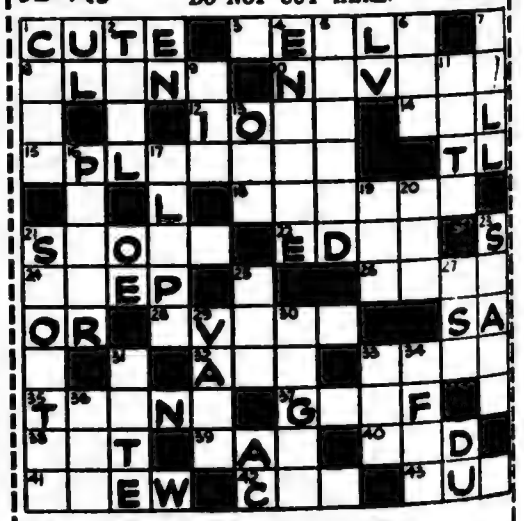

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THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service, who will deal with any matter causing anxiety to our readers. Send a stamped, addressed envelope with your query.

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT!

"Marker" (Glasgow). — "It is a good plan to try billiard strokes without using a ball." Many players do this quite involuntarily

THE EDITOR Replies

P. G. (Frome).—"I told him I was sorry, but I could not see the joke." And did he hand you a mirror?

R. C. (Dover).—"Why are plumbers so forgetful?" To keep humorous writers off the dole.

D. M. (Hull).—"My wife was ten years older than I when I married her." But not now, we'll wager.

F. T. (Isle of Wight).—"Do I get any redress when my house is destroyed by a landslide?" No, or address.

D. B. (Elstree).—"A competition is being held in Hollywood for the most beautiful nose." No doubt a lot will turn up.

F. P. (Penzance).—"Except for a break during the war I have been a bell-ringer for half a century." Fifty years all tolled.

Miss M. (Bayswater).—"Paris dancing girls have protested against the employment of English girls in very strong terms." A chorus of protest.

H. G. (Chelmsford).—"I am organising a four months' expedition to the Arctic." For the duration of spring-cleaning?

TOM (Colchester).—"I can truthfully say that no girl's lips have ever touched mine." They certainly do put cosmetics on pretty thick these days.

N. M. (Glasgow).—"I admit that I swore when I found the golf links covered with snow." That white blanket-y, blanket-y Blank?

P. D. (Streatham).—"I have just bought a car for five pounds, and am crazy over it." You'll soon be going crazy under it.

E. P. (Herne Hill).—"What is an 'Old Master'?" A man who could paint nearly as well as the forgers who copy his work.

R. E. (Walham Green).—"Nothing in this world is done as well as it might be done." What about the British taxpayer?

MRS. K. (Fleetwood).—"My husband always confides his business troubles to me." Every time you want anything new, we suppose.

S. A. (Plymouth).—"An American says that women are bigger 'go-getters' than men." After a fashion they are, of course.

W. L. (Southampton).—"Mr. Henry Ford says that prosperity is more harmful than adversity." Many people need further proof.

H. P. (Norwich).—"A Hollywood talkie star asserts that half her income is swallowed up by expenses." Matrimonial registrars will have to reduce their fees.

S. C. (Mayfair).—"A London doctor says that since clothing became less confining, girls who dance seldom have a stitch in the side." Nor on the back, either.

H. B. (Lowestoft).—"There is no buying or selling in heaven." This seems to give conclusive proof that that is not the place to which business has gone.

M. C. (Glasgow).—"A man who died recently left more than a hundred clocks." What a splendid time his executor must have had winding up his estate.

F. M. (Frinton).—"I received your letter, but I must think it over carefully before replying." Yes, we hoped it would give us a respite for twelve months at least.

A. N. (Blackpool).—"Another war would put an end to many of our difficulties." Over fighting age, eh?

Miss T. (Cookham).—"No good-looking men for me." What is their objection?

A. T. S. (Henley).—"I am going abroad to shorten and make pleasant the winter." For whom?

ONLY FOURTEEN DAYS TO JANUARY 28!

E. H. A. (Barking).—"I had to escort home an unpleasant-looking young lady named Dot." And you said "Dash"?

S. A. W. (Rye).—"I wish I were as sound as a bell." Because you are a trifle cracked?

L. M. N. (Goole).—"I am thinking very seriously of matrimony." How long have you been married?

CLERK (London, S.E.).—"My firm has many peculiarities." Are you one of them?

M. A. T. (Greenwich).—"I am always trying to improve each day." Can you really control the weather?

S. V. (Catford).—"Will 1932 benefit anyone?" Well, every woman will be able to say she is in the early thirties for some time to come.

D. H. (Chelsea).—"My first book was an awful affair, but I have since written a dozen more." Will you never write a decent one?

J. M. A. (Sandwich).—"A woman took a lapdog into a cinema near here recently." You ought to report the matter to the R.S.P.C.A.

A. W. (Driffield).—"Two can certainly live as cheaply as one." Father and mother often have to live more cheaply than daughter.

D. G. (Brighton).—"What is your opinion of these nude colonies?" They'll soon be no novelty at the present rate of taxation.

BACHELOR (Whitby).—"On the 20th of February I am leaving for the wilds of unexplored Africa." You coward!

J. H. (Bodmin).—"Income tax is a curse. I suppose yours is paid." It is. It's not.

W. T. H. (London, S.W.).—"What is the hardest thing to find just now?" A seat in the Tube.

L. N. (Chelsea).—"Londoners are intelligent." And yet the population is dense.

D. N. (Shere).—"The modern girl doesn't take long to dress." She's ready in a couple of shakes of a cocktail.

W. L. (Notting Hill).—"I think the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens would be an ideal place for one or two statues." Maybe, but is it deep enough?

S. H. (Stoke Newington).—"Marriage is an institute of learning." Yes, but it is one in which a man loses his bachelor's degree without acquiring a master's.

B. T. (Congleton).—"I am all in favour of the rising generation." So are we, if only it would form the habit of rising earlier.

B. L. (Fulham).—"I confess to being a very rough diamond." We will remember to cut you the next time we meet.

P. L. (London).—"I said there was a hair in my soup and then my wife threw the whole plateful over me." So you had soup in your hair.

D. J. G. (Hendon).—"I am writing my memoirs in bed on Sunday mornings." Lots of people lie in bed on Sunday mornings.

F. S. (Matlock).—"A true poet does not think of making money out of his verse." And a true editor doesn't think of giving it to him.

H. A. M. (Leeds).—Many men could not exist without the society of their public-house friends." It's meet and drink to them.

P. D. (Halifax).—"I bought some scrap-iron and turned it into a car." That's the reversal of the usual procedure.

J. S. (Woking).—"Which musical instrument would you advise me to take up?" Why not learn the Radio Gramophone? There's one accompanying the £300 on page 39, and twelve others as well.

M. S. (Edgware).—"It's curious that many millionaires are not interested in money." Our little Willie isn't interested in dinner after he's had two helpings.

J. M. (Northampton).—"Woman is man's inspiration. If she will, she can lift us to great heights." Even unto the top storey, if she happens to be a lift girl.

P. B. (Luton).—"A barber cut the hair of twenty men in an hour." Owing to pressure of time he could only give each customer a brief résumé of the chances of horses for the 2.30.

C. T. (Hayes).—"Can you tell me the difference between a drama and a melodrama?" In a drama, the heroine merely throws the villain over, but in a melodrama she throws him over a cliff.

D. J. M. (Brixton).—"I recently walked from London to Brighton to see my fiancée." We can't help feeling that a real lover would have run.

J. G. S. (Newcastle).—"A recent motor smash in my street uprooted two flagstones from the pavement." Still, the local authorities would probably have done it, even if the smash hadn't.

D. R. M. (Manchester).—"A well-known politician declares that he has never known what it is to lie awake at nights." This just shows that a guilty conscience doesn't always result in insomnia.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

SIDE-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. In the event of the same "Slip" being sent by more than one reader, the award is paid to sender of the first letter opened. Mark envelope "Slip."

EASTERN EVENING NEWS:—"They all joined in dancing and DEVELRY."

SHEERNESS TIMES:—"Councillor W. P. B. thanked all who had contributed towards the grand results which had been accomplished with the object of providing a little Christmas cheer for those who were less UNFORTUNATE than themselves."

SOUTH WALES ECHO:—"The level was very wet and the water falling upon the HOUSES' backs caused their hair to be worn off."

SALISBURY TIMES:—"100 prime FAIRY fed porkers."

BOYS' CINEMA:—"Every soul aboard her stood on the DRINK of doom."

DURHAM COUNTY NEWS:—"At one time he remembered BUYING six children in a fortnight."

THE EVENING CHRONICLE:—"The advice which we give is almost FOOTPROOF."

THE EXPRESS AND ECHO:—"The Chairman said if the money WAS paid within a fortnight defendant would have to go to PRISON FOR A MONTH."

SAVE MONEY while you smoke!

No need to cut your cigarette allowance if you make your own. You can smoke as many, or more, and yet save money—2/6 a week for average smokers. Cooler smokes, too, if you use none but

AG

THE PAPERS OF PERFECT PURITY

YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO LET YOUR DIGESTION SUFFER FOR THE SAKE OF A FEW

FOX'S GLACIER MINTS REG?

THE FINEST PEPPERMINT IN THE WORLD

BUY SOME TO-DAY.

6d. per qr. lb.
Wrapped and Unwrapped.

You should try
FOX'S GLACIER BARLEY SUGAR
It contains the full medicinal properties of Barley Sugar.

PILES

You may have been tortured for years with itching, bleeding piles. Test Man Zan before suffering increases and experience amazing relief. Inflammation is soothed and irritation and bleeding cease. Quickly the trouble is ended, never to return. Man Zan is sold in tubes with special applicator, enabling you to reach the inflamed part. Man Zan gives permanent relief in the most stubborn case. Sold by all high-class chemists, Man Zan costs 3/- per tube, including special nozzle applicator. Be sure you ask for Man Zan. It is British.

No More Disturbed Nights.

BLADDER COMFORT

Bladder irritation is more troublesome when it disturbs one's sleep. You need the mild, soothing antiseptic provided in Shadforth's "Bladder comfort" No. 285. It acts like a charm. It is prescribed for chill on bladder and kidneys, burning, cystitis, prostatitis, leg pains, rheumatism, sciatica, etc. Don't worry yourself into a nervous wreck. Get immediate relief and comfort with the proved remedy: Shadforth Prescription No. 285. Prices: **2/6** (50), **4/6** (100), **13/-** (300 pills).

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.

Qualified Dispensing Chemists,

(Dept. J.B. 25) 9, King William St., London Bridge, E.C.4

Branches: 168, High Street, Walthamstow, E.17; 409, Barking Road, East Ham, E.6; 14, Durban Road, West Ham, E.15; 6, Ashton Parade, Chadwell Heath; 2, Heath Park Parade, Gidea Park; 44, London Road, Romford; 1118, Green Lane, Becontree Heath; and 63, Grove Road, Bow, E.3.

Boots, Taylors, and all live chemists hold stock, or gladly obtain to order at a day's notice.

Would YOU like £200 Cash?

This is the 1st Prize offered in a simple Competition on page 14. Turn to it *NOW!*

BENEFIT AFTER OPERATION—

Mrs. BRADBURN, 22, Granville Terrace, Tanshelf Drive, Pontefract, writes: "Fourteen years ago I had a serious operation. Nothing seemed to do me any good until I was advised to take Vitadatio. I could not do anything for myself before I started taking it, and now I am better than I ever was. My daughter never seemed to look up after confinement until I asked her to take Vitadatio, and it put her on her feet. I strongly recommend it."

Vitadatio

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5 - per bottle, or per post 6d. extra in Gt. Britain only. Special 21 - Bottles, containing 3 weeks' supply, for Export only, post free from *VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.* V160

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS

£921

Awarded in 'John Bull's' Crossword Competition No. 146.

In the above competition solutions containing one error were received from the following five competitors, who share the £800 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition a cheque for £160 will be despatched:—

W. D. Davies, 2, Caerllwyn Terrace, Handy, Pontarddulais.
H. B. Gill, 55, Shuttle Street, Tyldesley, Manchester.
C. Muskett, 52, Harrington Road, Rothwell, Kettering.
H. Raishaw, Brothertoft, Nr. Boston, Lincs.
R. Roberts, Bryn-Uchaf, Tynygongl, Anglesey.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, January 26th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £50 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 66 competitors from whom we received solutions containing two errors and who will each receive 15s. 2d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

In addition, each of the 5 winners who share £800 and each of the 66 who share £50, will receive a New Year Bonus of £1.

Another Splendid X-word with a first prize of £750 and £100 to be divided between the runners-up appears on Page 36. In addition to these prizes a special bonus of £100 will be paid to this week's cash prize winner whose accompanying unsuccessful Puzzle coupon bears fewest errors.

A Free Insurance Bombshell

FIRE!

JOHN BULL NOW PAYS UP TO

£1,000

This increase in "John Bull's" Free Fire Insurance will cause a sensation. Our Free Insurance will be more beneficial, more vital to every reader, than ever before.

We give below the names of a few of our readers who have received Fire Insurance Benefits recently.

BERKENFIG, GLAM.—Mr. E. L. Pearse, 86, St. Brides Rd.
ABERDEEN.—Mr. C. Deans, 77, Waterloo Quay.
ALLOA, N.B.—Mrs. P. McCluskey, 18, Henderson Avenue.
BARRY.—Mr. E. Howell, 7, Melrose St., Cadoxton.
BEER, S. DEVON.—Mr. G. E. Merrett, Summers Cottage, Berry Lane.
BLACKBURN, LANCS.—Mrs. E. Leng, 58, Eccles St.
BLACKPOOL.—Mrs. A. Jennings, 28, Argyle Rd.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. E. Parry, 11, Lodge Terrace, Lodge Rd., Hockley.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. D. Parkes, Manor Lane, Quinton.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. E. M. Bradley, 112, Court Lane, Erdington.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. G. Carter, 79, Highgate Rd., Sparkbrook.
BRISTOL.—Mr. W. E. Salisbury, 7, Elm Road, Horfield.
BRIGG, LANCS.—Mrs. R. Taylor, 17, Hill Side, Worlaby.
BROMSGROVE, WORCS.—Mr. W. Wickham, Finstall.
BETHESDA, N. WALES.—Mr. R. Hughes, 27, Celfoden St.
BURTON-ON-TRENT.—Mrs. D. M. Lees, Ivy Cottage, Oakthorpe.
BRISTOL.—Mrs. G. Powell, 37, Chapel Rd., Hanham.
BINGHAM, NOTTS.—Mrs. E. Ragsdale, Newgate St.
CARDIFF.—Mr. R. Westlake, 46, Penylan Rd.
COVENTRY.—Mrs. A. L. Allsopp, 84, Wyley Rd., Radford.
CARDENDEN, FIFE.—Mrs. B. Hutchison, 5, First St., Bow Hill.
COATBRIDGE, SCOTLAND.—Mr. J. Meldrum, 16, C.1, Turner St.
CAMBORNE, CORNWALL.—Mr. J. B. Utterhark, 64, Carmarthen St.
CARDIFF.—Mr. T. James, 97, Arabella St., Roath.
CRADLEY HEATH, STAFFS.—Mr. J. Pugh, 66, Beehive St.
NR. CHESTER.—Mr. E. H. Genders, 166, High St., Connahs Quay.
CARDENDEN.—Mrs. A. Shand, 8, Tenth St., Bowhill.
DUNFERMLINE.—Mrs. M. K. Niven, Back Causeway, Culross.
DAGENHAM, ESSEX.—Mr. F. A. Thompson, 22, Central Park Av.
DROITWICH.—Mr. H. C. Bourne, 4, Church Terrace.
DEWSBURY.—Mrs. E. M. Walker, 51, John St., Ravensthorpe.
DONCASTER.—Mrs. F. Peet, 7, Shaw Rd., Edlington.
NR. EXETER.—Mr. W. Western, The Stores, Brampford Speke.
FULHAM, S.W.6.—Mr. H. Hubner, 29, Langthorne St.,
GLASGOW, S.E.—Mrs. M. Manclark, 192, Dalmarnock Rd.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. M. Holland, 130, Barloch St.
GATESHEAD.—Mrs. M. McArdle, 19, Hedley St., Bensham.
GLYNCORRWG, GLAM.—Mrs. L. Jones, 11, Welsh Main.
HARRINGTON, LANCS.—Mrs. A. O'Connor, 26, Barry St., off Grove St.
HULL.—Mrs. K. Shaw, 1, Villa Terrace, Barnsley St.
HUNGERFORD, BERKS.—Mrs. T. Jessett, Park St.
HECKINGTON, LINCS.—Mrs. E. M. Black, 4, Council Houses, Howell Rd.
HEATH HAYES, STAFFORD.—Mr. S. Poole, 19, Cleeton St.
HAMILTON, N.B.—Mr. J. Miller, 126, Glasgow Rd., Burnbank.
KINGS LYNN.—Mr. S. Studd, Pilgrims' Rest, Clenchwarton.
KILMAURS, AYRSHIRE.—Mrs. A. Ross, 4, Townhead.
KIRKINTILLOCH.—Mrs. M. Gallacher, 28, Freeland Place.
KILBURN, DERBYSHIRE.—Mrs. A. Bowler, Kerry's Yard.
KETTERING, NORTHANTS.—Mrs. A. Marlow, "Belle Vue," 143, Pioneer Av., Desborough.
LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. E. Golightly, 45, Adshead Rd., West Derby.
LOWESTOFT, SUFFOLK.—Mrs. F. Betts, 80, High St.
LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. M. Devereux, 5, Bostock St.
LIVERPOOL.—Mr. H. Hotchkiss, 11, St. Johns Rd., Waterloo.
MANCHESTER.—Mr. A. Gledhill, 140, Chapman St. Gorton.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. C. W. Owen, 318, Stockport Rd., Denton.
MANCHESTER.—Mr. A. Cooke, 132, Laburnum Rd., Reddish Lane, Gorton.
OGMORE VALE, GLAM.—Mr. G. Skyrme, 87, St. John St.
NR. WORKSOP.—Mr. R. Sperry, 17, Knott End, Langold.

Read the important announcement on page 10. *Sign Now on the Registration Forms below.*

FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT, "John Bull" covers you FREE.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent.**

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B., 16/1/32.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

..... Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**
J.B., 16/1/32.

FINAL!

John Bull's Great Gift to You

CLOSING DATE

JAN. 30

Turn to P. 33 and enter the "JOHN BULL" RADIO CONTEST

For a simple effort the huge prize of £500 Must be Won!

DON'T WRITE "BULLETS" BACKWARDS!

It sounds absurd . . . but so do hundreds of the lines that the "Bullets" judges have to read! Learn to write "Bullets" the *right* way . . . the *winning* way! It will cost you nothing . . . and look what you may win! Submit your next "Bullets" first to the Editor of

The WINNER

The Champion Competition Journal

If you do this you will receive

A FREE EXPERT OPINION

and will at once learn what are your chances of success. "The Winner" is the ONLY competition newspaper which conducts A FREE ADVISORY SERVICE, which has been used by many, many FIRST PRIZE WINNERS in "BULLETS" and other contests. "The Winner" is easily the most reliable guide for Literary Competitors. Every issue contains:—

GOLDEN HINTS AND ADVICE FOR "BULLET" MAKERS—IDEAS TO WORK UPON—AND THOSE TO AVOID, ETC., ETC.

"The Winner" also provides SPECIAL COUPONS for you to enter "BULLETS."- Every issue of this world-famous journal also contains:—

COMPLETE AND EXCLUSIVE SOLUTIONS FOR EVERY CURRENT CROSSWORD AND PICTURE PUZZLE.

Hundreds of thousands of pounds have been won by readers of "The Winner," which is now

CONSIDERABLY ENLARGED AND IMPROVED AND PRINTED ON WHITE PAPER

You will quickly become a BIG PRIZEWINNER if you follow—

The WINNER

Don't confuse the title, but tell your Newsagent it MUST be "The Winner"—

ON SALE EVERYWHERE 2D.

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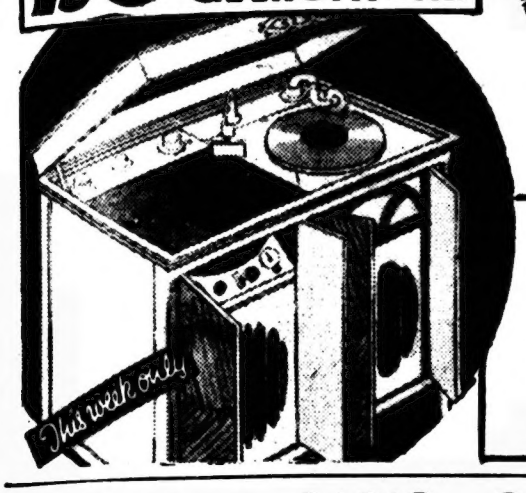
CHEQUE ADDED TO EACH OF THESE 'EDISON BELL'
£30 RADIO GRAMOPHONES



£300 and A RADIO GRAMOPHONE

SECOND PRIZE £50 and RADIO GRAMOPHONE
THIRD PRIZE £25 and RADIO GRAMOPHONE
10 PRIZES OF £5 and RADIO GRAMOPHONE
10 PRIZES OF £2.10 and GRAMOPHONE
50 PRIZES OF 10/- 500 PRIZES OF 2/6 10,000 'TARGETS'

£2.10 CHEQUE ADDED TO EACH OF THESE 'EDISON BELL'
£13.13. LUXURY GRAMOPHONES

WIN £300 & RADIO GRAMOPHONE!

THERE'S a wonderful programme for you from Long Acre this week. To accompany his big *Bullets* cheques, ranging from £2 10s. up to £300, JOHN BULL is sending out a batch of 23 magnificent Radio Gramophones and Cabinet Gramophones.

These £30 Radio Gramophones which accompany the chief 13 cheques are superb "Edison Bell" instruments, which provide perfect wireless and gramophone concerts without the aid of electric mains. The £13 13s. Cabinet Gramophones added to the £2 10s. cheques are the finest ever offered in *Bullets*.

To make a *Bullet* read through the *Examples* below, consider the possibilities of each one, and note down the rough ideas which spring to your mind. Properly developed, any of these first thoughts may turn out a prize-worthy effort.

Next, tackling one of your rough ideas at a time, polish it up into TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS linked up neatly with the *Example* chosen. You might, for instance, choose the *Example* BREAKING IT OFF, and by adding the words COULDN'T FORGIVE *Herself* LATER complete a *Bullet*.

Now study the following recent winners and learn how ingenious phrasing can give winning strength to an ordinary idea:—

BOY WITH BRAINS—GOES FAR—KEEP HERE!
THE BULLDOG SPIRIT—DOESN'T "DECLINE A SCRAP."
GENERAL OPINION—THAT'S "OPPOSITION" GOVERNMENT DREADS.

With these winners as your tuning-fork, set to work and compose the efforts which may result in a £300 cheque and a fine Radio Gramophone.

Enter by Saturday, January 23, if you want to be a winner.

Choose from these "Examples"

BRITAIN'S STAR
BLUNT WORDS
BREAKING IT OFF
HUMAN DYNAMO
IN LIFE'S PROCESSION
CHANCELLOR'S HAND
TURNED OUT
HE KEPT HIS HEAD AND
WITHERING
VILLAGE DANCE
TO WIN HER
WITH CONFIDENCE
WAY YOUTH'S GOING
EVERYBODY'S ANGRY WHEN
KEEPING PACE
OUR HIGHBROWS
OFF THE ROAD
SHOCK FOR THE BRIDE
GINGERLY
CLUMSY CHAP
SHOULDN'T REMAIN
WORTH WATCHING
TORN TO SHREDS
SHE LOVED HIM, BUT
THE SPOILS
PRESSURE OF BUSINESS
AGAIN
WAITING ON THE DOORSTEP
DAD'S A PLUMBER, SO
QUARRELSOME
REIGN OF TERROR
IS ROMANCE DEAD?

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed / & Co. /. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

The result of Competition No. 832 will appear in our next issue, on sale Thursday, January 21.

FREE HELP WAITING

TWENTY out of the twenty-three chief winners in *Bullets* Competition No. 831 have established their claims to a share of the £250 Bonus offered and each has received a cheque accordingly.

Those who failed to secure a share were Mrs. Swann, Mr. Luke and Mr. Rathbone.

This overwhelming evidence of the assistance afforded by *Bullets Bulletin* shows that every keen "Bulleteer" should secure a copy of this free weekly for would-be winners.

The New Year edition of *Bullets Bulletin* is now available for all readers, and the coupon on this page

£5,000 will be paid as below to First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 827. Immediate payment of £1,000 and four further £1,000 cheques at 5 year intervals. Alternative lump sum—£3,500.

makes it easy to secure this weekly guide to the prize-list.

A friendly chat with the Competition Editor of JOHN BULL—a weekly lesson on the construction of *Bullets*—a £10-a-week Judging Contest and a valuable list of hackneyed phrases to avoid—these four features alone make *Bullets Bulletin* a wise investment.

All this and more is yours for the mere cost of postage—one halfpenny per week. Complete the coupon below, post it off at once and give yourself something to look forward to each Thursday for the next twelve weeks.

The original cheque for £1,500 awarded to the first Prize-winner in Competition No. 831 will be displayed in the window of Mr. W. G. Wain, 8, New Road, Lower Edmonton.

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(835) P.O. No.
Closing SAT. Jan. 23
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed
Address

Cut out each coupon separately.

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(835) P.O No.
Closing SAT. Jan. 23
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed
Address

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(835) P.O. No.
Closing SAT. Jan. 23
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed
Address

Enter your full name and address on each coupon

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(835) P.O. No.
Closing SAT. Jan. 23
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed
Address

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper

Address Coupons:—"Bullets" No. 835, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 835 usually purchase "John Bull."

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE FREE "BULLETINS"

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed " and Co."), payable to "John Bull" to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "Bullets Bulletin," commencing with the next available issue.

NAME.....

Do not send this coupon with your Bullets entry.

ADDRESS.....

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Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 19, SHORT'S GARDENS, LONDON, W.C.2.

100 NEW PRIZES NEXT WEEK AND BIGGER FIRST

Mr. ROBERT LORAINE,

our well-known great actor, writes: "I have found 'Shavex' a great improvement on the old soapy creams, and it is splendid for speed, smoothness and keeping the skin in a good condition. It gives me perfect satisfaction."

Mr. RALPH LYNN,

the well-known actor, writes: "I consider 'Shavex' really splendid for shaving. It leaves the face soft and sweet, also removes the beard better than any shaving soap."

NO SOAP SHAVEX NO BRUSH

A few years ago "SHAVEX" was unknown, yet it is in every part of the world to-day, Millions are now using "SHAVEX."

"Shavex" is the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving. What is more simple than wetting the beard with water, smearing a little "Shavex" lightly over the beard, and then shaving? You will get the smoothest, cleanest and best shave you have ever had, and your skin will feel like softest satin. No wrinkles will appear, as "Shavex" is a skin Food. It will also take only a quarter of the time required with soap and brush. Never before has shaving been made so easy, so rapid and so pleasant. No after lotions are required. Never before have men been given the true secret of youthful looks. "Shavex" is a Skin Food, Skin Tonic, and a Skin Preserver.

"SHAVEX" prevents formations of wrinkles and lines and keeps away the ravages of time. Travellers, who, when on a journey, find themselves short of water, can always get a perfect shave when carrying "SHAVEX" and look fresh. After being in sun or wind and the face is rough and sore and you have to shave, nothing is more soothing than a "SHAVEX" shave.

Shavex will give you the best shave you have ever had. Your face will keep young, as Shavex is a skin food. All wrinkles disappear with Shavex, as there is no soda in Shavex to dry up the skin. Your skin will feel as smooth as satin and you will shave in a quarter the time that you would take with soap and brush. Shavex is without doubt the most perfect method of shaving in the world.

The skin after being shaved with soap and brush often looks and feels sore, as the soap and brush have taken out all the natural oil and dried up the skin. "SHAVEX" gives the skin natural oils—all the creases smooth out with the use of "SHAVEX."

THE OLD WAY THE NEW WAY

This is the way men still shave. One can hardly realise it. The same brush, that collects microbes — the same method of lathering the face—soap going in mouth and ears and dropping in all directions, and the soap they use contains alkali, which dries up the skin. It shocks every woman seeing a man shave in this manner.

Yet there is Shavex, which is a blessing to all men. It contains no soda, and is a perfect cream for the face. Just lightly smear over the beard, and then shave. Wash beforehand, as Shavex is a splendid skin food and can be rubbed all over the face after shaving. It keeps a man's face young — no wrinkles appear — and what wrinkles there are will be smoothed out with the use of Shavex. With Shavex you shave in a quarter of the time and your face will feel as smooth as satin: and we guarantee that everyone using Shavex will look many years younger than by using soap and brush, as soap only dries up the skin, where Shavex puts back a natural oil. Make a trial of Shavex and prove what we say.

SHAVEX

is sold Everywhere at

Large Tube **1/-** Double Quantity in Tube or Pot (lasts 4 months) **1/6**

WONDERFUL REDUCTION

SHAVEX SUPER BLADES

Of all Chemists and Stores :—

One Blade 3d., instead of 4d. Packet of 5 Blades 1/3.

The SHAVEX OUTFIT containing :—

A Shavex Safety Razor, a 10-Day Tube of Shavex and a Shavex Super Blade is obtainable, price 6d., from all chemists or sent post free.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY FOR FREE SAMPLE TUBE OF SHAVEX

Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly and send with a 2d. stamp to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. R.11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Women's Evidence that it

CREATES BEAUTY AND PRESERVES BEAUTY

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion.

Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils—

These are the wholesale prices of some of the materials used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare these prices to Almond Oil, which is 3/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL costs 4d. per lb.

OLIVE OIL costs 7d. per lb.

ALMOND OIL costs 3/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all.

The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

JACK: You are really the most glorious creature under the sun, Neda, and I am not the only one who thinks so. All the evening people have been gazing up at our box looking at you.

NEDA: You are most ridiculous, you know I am no longer young. Many think I am only 26, but I shall be 44 next month. I study the soap I use. All my life I have only used cream to cleanse my face. The ordinary soap has a lot of soda, so I found a marvellous soap called Zee-Kol Almond Oil soap, and it is perfect for my skin. It is composed of Almond Oil, and I should advise you, Jack, to use it yourself. It is not 5/- per tablet—only 6d. and has a delightful perfume, and this is the secret of my perfect complexion that you admire so much.

Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, ALMOND OIL has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing, the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful.

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price —6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6D.

Obtainable from All Chemists and Stores or direct from

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., Ltd. (Dept. S.14), 40, Blenheim Rd., Upper Holloway, N.19

ECZEMA.

"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.

"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

ABSCESSES.

Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

ERYSIPELAS.

This alarming Skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

SKIN DISEASES

Cured in a Night

WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.

Zee-Kol is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it.

Forget it being a patent Medicine This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying the big London Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin trouble will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures in record time Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

ZEE-KOL

4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the **Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K. 18), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19.**

At all chemists; Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3, or a large tin 3/-

BURNS.

Zee-Kol takes all pain away. New skin forms in a few days.

BOILS, ETC.

Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol, and in two days they disappear.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.

"I always had Blackheads and Pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

LUMBAGO STIFF JOINTS, ETC.

Splendid for Stiff Joints rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

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